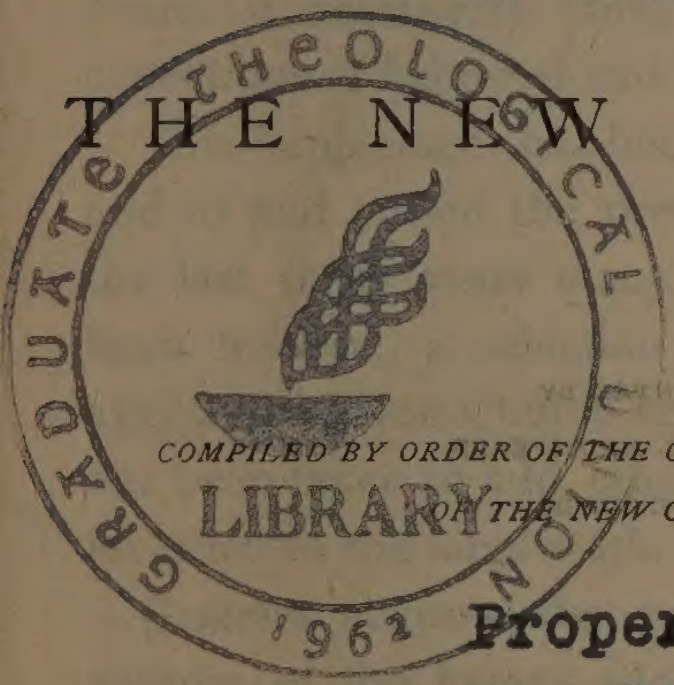
SUPPLEMENT TO

HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

THE NEW CHURCH



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PREFACE.

THE Hymn-Book for the use of the New Church was published in the year 1880. As a Book of Praise it deservedly ranks as one of the finest collections of hallowed and beautiful hymns extant.

This Supplement has been compiled in order to add to and enrich the present Hymnal. During the last thirty years many beautiful hymns have been written; a selection of these will now be available in New-Church services, and opportunity has been taken to add other fine productions not included in the large work.

Grateful acknowledgments are tendered to the authors of the hymns adopted from other collections.

The sincere hope of the Committee who have had in hand the preparation of this Supplement, is that it will be found an inspiration to worship and praise, and of use as an aid in the development of spiritual life.

On behalf of the Committee,

J. R. RENDELL, *Chairman.*
J. T. FREETH, *Secretary.*

1914.

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1914.

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THE LORD.

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great 751

ERRATA

The composer's name at the foot of Hymn No. 950, and on page 229 against first line, "Come, children, with singing," *should be* "Magnificat, I. (American)" *instead of* "Arranged by F. Sewall."

The "I." after Magnificat refers to First Edition.

None now shall die it ere of mouth,

cr And o'er its desert breaks the rose
In triumph o'er the grieving thorn.

mf 4 Thou bringest all again; with Thee
Is light, is space, is breadth, and room
For each thing fair, beloved, and free,
To have its hour of life and bloom.

mp 5 Each heart's deep instinct unconfess'd :
Each lowly wish, each daring claim ;
cr All, all that life hath long repress'd
Unfolds, undreading blight or blame.

f 6 Thy reign eternal will not cease,
Thy years are sure, and glad, and slow ;
dim Within Thy mighty world of peace
The humblest flower hath leave to blow.

mf 7 The world is glad for Thee, the heart
Is glad for Thee ! and all is well,
cr And fixed and sure, because Thou art,
Whose name is called Emmanuel.

Dora Greenwell, 1821-1882.

752

When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.—Matt. ii. 10.

C. M.

mp 1 AS shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in Thy sight, Almighty One !
Earth's generations pass.

cr 2 And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
mf The brightest names that earth can boast
dim Just glisten, (*p*) and are gone.

mf 3 Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet ;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

mf 4 O Father, may that holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
cr And send its glorious beams afar
f To fill the world with light.

W. C. Bryant, 1794-1878.

Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins.— Matt. i. 21. 753

6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.

mf 1 AT the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
cr Every tongue confess Him
f King of Glory now;
mf 'Tis His own commandment
We should call Him Lord,
cr Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

p 2 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came;
cr Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last;
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed.

f 3 Name Him, brothers, name Him,
Conqueror of death,
p But with awe and wonder,
pp And with 'bated breath;
mf He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the LORD,
cr Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

mf 4 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
cr Trust Him as your Saviour
In temptation's hour;
Let His Will enfold you
In its light and power.

C. M. Noel, 1817-1877.

754

I will sing praise to the Lord God of Israel.—Judges v. 3. 5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5.

mf 1 FATHER, throned on high,
Yet to mortals nigh!
dim While the hosts of heaven adore Thee,
We on earth fall down before Thee,
cr And with rapture raise
Songs of love and praise.

f 2 O eternal Word,
Our incarnate Lord!
We to Thee thanksgiving render,
Thee, Thy Church's strong defender,
And as monarch own
None but Thee alone.

f 3 Blessed be Thy name,
Jesus Christ!—the same
Yesterday, to-day, forever,
What from Thee our souls shall sever,
While we hear Thy voice,
And in Thee rejoice?

mf 4 Lord, Thy Word is light;
Led by it aright,
dim When as pilgrims like our fathers,
p Life's last shadow round us gathers,
cr May its brightening ray
f Shine to perfect day.

L. T. Nyberg, 1720-1792.

I will bless the Lord at all times.— Psalm xxxiv. 1. IRREGULAR. 755

f 1 FOR the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God;
Thou hast kept Thy pilgrim people by the strength of Thy staff and rod;
mp Thou hast called us to the journey which faithless feet ne'er trod;
cr For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

mf 2 For Thy love, O Lord, constraining, that bound their hearts as one;
For the faith in truth and freedom in which their work was done;
p For the peace of God's evangel, wherewith their feet were shod;
cr For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

mp 3 May the shadow of Thy presence around our camp be spread;
Baptize us with the courage with which Thou blessed our dead;

cr O keep us in the pathway their saintly
feet have trod;
f For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee,
our God, our fathers' God.

C. S. Horne.

756

With Thee is the fountain of life.—Psalm xxxvi. 9. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

mf 1 FOUNTAIN of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail or fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade,
cr Appoint the remnant of my days
f To see Thy power and sing Thy praise.

mp 2 What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possessed and blest in Thee.
cr What I enjoy, oh, make it mine,
In making me, that have it, Thine.

p 3 When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends, when eyes grow strange,
When plighted faith forgets its vows,
When earth and all things in it change,
cr Thy mercies, Lord, are ever sure,
f Thy love shall evermore endure.

J. Quarles, 1624-1665.

The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty.—Ps. xxix. 4.

757

8, 8, 8, 6.

mf 1 GOD speaks to us in bird and song;
In winds that drive the clouds along;
Above the din of toil and wrong,
dim A melody of love.

mp 2 God speaks to us in far and near;
In peace of home, and friends most dear;
cr From the dim past, and present clear,
dim A melody of love.

pp 3 God speaks to us in darkest night;
cr By quiet ways through mornings bright,
dim When shadows fall with evening light,
p A melody of love.

mf 4 God speaks to us in every land,
dim On wave-lapp'd shore and silent strand;
p By kiss of child, and touch of hand,
A melody of love.

mp 5 O voice Divine, speak Thou to me!
Beyond the earth, beyond the sea;
cr First let me hear, then sing to Thee
mf A melody of love.

Joseph Johnson.

He hath remembered His covenant for ever.—Psalm cv. 8.

758

7, 7, 7, 7.

f 1 HE remembers: make it known!
Gladly sing, His glory own;
All our blessings He doth give,
He provides, from Him we live.

f 2 He remembers: praise His name!
Raise your voices, for He came
dim When the world was lost in woe,
cr And redeemed us from the foe.

mf 3 He remembers: for He taught
His disciples when they wrought,
cr In His name to trust for power,
To dispel the darkest hour.

mf 4 He remembers: He hath said,
I am risen from the dead,
And the keys of heaven are given
To the faithful, who have striven.

mf 5 He remembers: let this word
By unthinking minds be heard:
cr God is always near to give
All those things by which we live.

H. Deans.

759

They shall call His name Emmanuel, which is, being interpreted, God with us.—Matt. i. 23. D. C. M.

f 1 JESUS is God! (*mf*) The solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night;
f The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
mf The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

f 2 Jesus is God! (*mf*) The glorious bands
Of heavenly angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Saviour and their King.
mp He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
dim On Calvary's cross true God;
cr He who in heaven eternal reigns
mf In time on earth abode.

f 3 Jesus is God! (*mf*) Oh, could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this simple truth,
How happy should I be!
cr Oh, had I but an angel's voice
I would proclaim aloud!
f Jesus, the good, all-loving one,
Is everlasting God!

f 4 Jesus is God! (*p*) Though sorrow come,
With pain, and every ill;
cr All may be good if all are means
His purpose to fulfil.
mf 'Twere worth a thousand years of life
To spread this mighty word,
cr If in belief we gladly own
f The Godhead of our Lord.

F. W. Faber, 1815-1863.

I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.—Rev. xxi. 6. D. L. M.

760

f 1 COME, let us all unite to sing
That Jesus Christ is God above!
Let heaven and earth their praises bring,
For Jesus is the God of Love.

mf Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
cr And sing with us for Jesus' sake,
That He alone is God above!

f 2 Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound,
That Jesus is the God above.
In Him we have salvation found,
Because He is the God of Love!
mp His Truth doth wash our sins away,
cr And also turns our night to day;
And now we can rejoice to say,
f That Jesus is the God of Love.

mf 3 How happy is our portion here,
While Jesus is our God above,
His promises our spirits cheer;
Because He is the God of Love!
f He is our sun and shield by day,
Our help, our hope, our strength and stay;
He will be with us all the way:
Because He is our God above.

mp 4 Although my heart and flesh should fail,
Yet Jesus is the God of Love,
cr Through Him I shall o'er death prevail,
Because He is my God above.
mf Though Jordan swell I need not fear,
My Saviour will be with me there,
My head above the waves to bear;
Yea, Jesus is the God of Love.

f 5 In heaven we shall sing again,
That Christ alone is God above,
Yes, this shall be our lofty strain:
That Jesus is the God of Love.

Whilst endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heavenly throng,
This still shall be our sweetest song,
That Jesus is the God of Love.

E. G. F.

Ye shall abide in my love.—John xv. 10. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. **761**

mf 1 JESUS is my best of friends;
None like Him 'mongst mortals born;
And shall I, whom He defends,
Join the world,—His goodness scorn?
f Nought shall raise a parting line
To hold me from His tenderest love;
One shall be His will and mine—
Lifelong here, for aye above.

mf 2 In that well-proved love I bide;
Nought from Him shall turn my heart,
Angel-glory, mortal pride,
Wealth or want keep us apart.
cr Depth below or height above
Ne'er shall hold my soul enticed,
Luring from a Father's love,
f Mine henceforth in Jesus Christ.

J. Arrhenius, Tr. by R. M'Cully.

They saw no man, save Jesus only.—Matt. xvii. 8. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7. **762**

f 1 JESUS only. (*p*) In the shadow
Of the cloud so chill and dim,
We are clinging, loving, trusting,
He with us, and we with Him:
cr All unseen, though ever nigh,
mf Jesus only—all our cry.

f 2 Jesus only. (*mf*) In the glory,
When the shadows all are flown,
Seeing Him in all His beauty,
Satisfied with Him alone;
cr May we join His ransomed throng,
f Jesus only—all our song.

F. R. Havergal, 1836-1879.

763

They cast their crowns before the throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power.—Rev. iv. 10, 11. 8, 4, 8, 4.

f 1 INCARNATE God, to Thee we raise
Our hymn of praise;
Lord Jesus Christ, in Thee we own
One God alone.

mf 2 In Thee Divine and Human meet
In bond complete;
Father and God, in Thee we view
Our Saviour too.

mp 3 For Thou didst condescend to take,
For our poor sake,
dim A nature, all to evil prone,
Just as our own.

mf 4 But though assailed on every hand,
The treacherous band
cr Were driven backward at Thy word,
Victorious Lord.

f 5 And now ascended up on high,
In majesty
cr Thou reignest on the eternal throne,
ff One God alone.

George Trobridge.

Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.—John xx. 29. C. M. 764

mf 1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine:
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.

mp 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
m And earth has ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

mf 3 Like some bright dream, that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

pp 4 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart;
cr The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
f All-glorious as Thou art.

Ray Palmer, 1808-1887.

Behold, the Lord God will come as a mighty one, and His arm shall rule for Him.—Isaiah xl. 10. 8, 8, 6: 8, 8, 6. 765

mf 1 LORD God, by whom all change is wrought,
By whom new things to birth are brought,
In whom no change is known!
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
Thy people still in Thee have part!
Still, still Thou art our own.

2 Ancient of Days! we dwell in Thee;
Out of Thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought;
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With Thee, who changest not.

3 Each steadfast promise we possess;
Thine everlasting truth we bless,
Thine everlasting love;
The unfailing Helper close we clasp,
The everlasting Arms we grasp,
Nor from the Refuge move.

f 4 O Lord who maketh all things new,
Thou leadest onward; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime.
'Neath Thy renewing fire we glow,
cr And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.

T. H. Gill, 1819-1906.

766

Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.—Psalm lxxiii. 24. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

mf 1 LIGHT of the world, whose kind and gentle care
Is joy and rest,
Whose counsels and commands so gracious are,
Wisest and best!
mp Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard the way,
dim Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray.

mf 2 Lord of my life, my soul's most pure desire,
Its hope and peace,
mp Let not the faith Thy loving words inspire
Falter or cease;
cr But be to me, O Lord, my chief delight,
And safely guide, that every step be right.

f 3 My blessèd Lord, what bliss to feel Thee near,
Faithful and true;
To trust in Thee without one doubt or fear;
Thy will to do;
And all the while to know that Thou wilt send
All blessing, and wilt bless us to the end!

mp 4 And then, O then, (*cr*) when sorrow's night is o'er,
Life's daylight come,
mf And we are safe in heaven's golden door,
At home, at home,
f How full of glad rejoicing will we raise,
Saviour, to Thee our everlasting praise!

H. Bateman, 1802-1872.

Who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of Kings.—1 Tim. vi. 15. 767
10, 10, 10, 10: 8, 8, 10, 10 (dactylic).

f 1 SING we the King who is coming to reign;
Glory to Jesus, the Lamb that was slain:
Life and salvation His empire shall bring,
cr Joy to the nations, when Jesus is King.

ff Come, let us sing praise to our King,
Jesus our King, Jesus our King:
This is our song, who to Jesus belong,—
Glory to Jesus, to Jesus our King!

f 2 All men shall dwell in His marvellous light,
Races long severed His love shall unite,
Justice and truth from His sceptre shall spring,
cr Wrong shall be ended, when Jesus is King.
ff Come, let us sing, etc.

mf 3 All shall be well in His kingdom of peace,
Freedom shall flourish and wisdom increase,
Foe shall be friend when His triumph we sing,
cr Sword shall be sickle, when Jesus is King.
ff Come, let us sing, etc.

mp 4 Souls shall be saved from the burden of sin,
Doubt shall not darken His witness within,
cr Hell hath no terrors and death hath no sting,
f Love is victorious, when Jesus is King.
ff Come, let us sing, etc.

p 5 Kingdom of Christ, for thy coming we pray;
Hasten, O Father, the dawn of the day
cr When this new song Thy creation shall sing,—
f Evil is vanquished, and Jesus is King!
ff Come, let us sing, etc.

C. Silvester Horne.

768

The Lord is my Rock and my Fortress.—Psalm xviii. 2. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

f 1 WE come unto our fathers' God:
Their Rock is our Salvation:
The eternal arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation:
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought,
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.

f 2 The Fire divine, their steps that led,
Still goeth bright before us;
The heavenly Shield, around them spread,
Is still high holden o'er us:
mp The grace those sinners that subdued,
cr The strength those weaklings that renewed,
f Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

p 3 The cleaving sins that brought them low
Are still our souls oppressing;
dim The tears that from their eyes did flow
Fall fast, our shame confessing;
cr As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
So our strong prayer ascends on high,
And bringeth down Thy blessing.

mf 4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring,
Their song to us descendeth;
Thy Spirit who in them did sing
To us Thy music lendeth.
The song in them, in us, is one;
cr We raise it high, we send it on—
The song that never endeth!

f 5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain—
The same sweet theme endeavour!
Unbroken be the golden chain!
Keep on the song for ever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver!

T. H. Gill, 1819-1906.

769

Great is our Lord, and of great power.—Psalm cxlvii. 5. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

f 1 LORD of power, Lord of might!
God and Father of us all;
Lord of day and Lord of night,
dim Listen to our solemn call;
cr Listen, whilst to Thee we raise,
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

mf 2 Light and love and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good:
Fill our souls with light divine;
Give us, with our daily food,
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.

3 Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name;
Bid us, ere the day departs,
Spread afar our Maker's fame:
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

mp 4 Full of years, and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
dim When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we rise to rest,
cr Fountain of Eternal Love!
Call us to our home above.

G. Thring, 1823-1903.

For thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me.
—Psalm xxxi. 3. 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4. **770**

f 1 LORD, of every good the Giver,
We worship Thee.
Grant us, Thou, our great Deliverer,
Thy face to see.
mf Bless the years that are before us,
Keep Thy loving hand now o'er us,
mp If we sin, (*cr*) do Thou restore us,
And make us free.

mf 2 Thou, who art the God of gladness
Disperse our fears;
Be our Comfort in our sadness,
Dry Thou our tears.
p When despair and grief assail us,
And our strength can nought avail us,
cr Thy defence will never fail us
Through all our years.

mf 3 Fill, O Lord, this land with blessing,
dim And true peace bring,
cr As we come to Thee confessing
Thou art our King.
mp In Thy loving arms enfold us,
With Thy loving hand uphold us,
After Thine own pattern mould us,
cr O God our King.

mf 4 Lord, who know'st the path that speedeth
To Thine abode—
Path that to the angels leadeth,
Our fathers trod.

p May Thy Holy Spirit move us,
Till we reach the heaven above us,
cr And are worthy those who love us,
f O Lord our God!

J. R. Rendell.

771

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.—Psalm xxiii. 1. C. M.

mf 1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is His name:
In pastures fresh He makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake His ways,
And leads me, for His mercy's sake
In paths of truth and grace.

pp 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
cr Thy presence is my stay;
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

mf 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
cr My cup with blessings overflows;
Thine oil anoints my head.

f 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may Thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise;

mp 6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
cr No more a stranger, or a guest,
dim But like a child at home.

I. Watts, 1674-1748.

Make me to hear joy and gladness.— Psalm li. 8. 8, 8, 6: 8, 8, 6. **772**

mf 1 NOT, Lord, Thine ancient works alone,
Thy wonders to past ages shown,
Make our glad spirits glow.
f Our eyes behold Thy works of might:
On us full beam Thy wonders bright;
The living God we know.

mf 2 We joy not only to be told,
How with Thy saints and seers of old
Thou madest sweet abode:
cr We of Thy presence bright can tell,
Thou in Thy living saints dost dwell;
We feel the living God.

mf 3 Thou settest us each task divine;
We bless that helping hand of Thine,
This strength by Thee bestowed:
cr Thou minglest in the glorious fight,
Thine own the cause—Thine own the might,
f We serve the living God.

p 4 Ah! soon we droop; ah! soon we tire:
Our fainting hearts new strength require,
Again would quickened be:
cr We ask no other help but Thine;
To Thee we come for life divine,
Thou living God, to Thee!

mf 5 O more than satisfy our need;
Our most divine desire exceed:
Our constant Quickener be:
cr Thou living God, possess us still:
Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,
f Our blessed life in Thee!

T. H. Gill, 1819-1906.

773

He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.
—Psalm xxxvii. 4. 8, 8, 8, 8, 6.

mf 1 O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail inconstant heart;
cr Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to Thee:
dim To Thee, my God, to Thee.

mf 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy:
p That silent, secret thought shall be,
cr That all my hopes are fixed on Thee:
dim On Thee, my God, on Thee.

f 3 Thy glorious eye pervades all space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
mf And, whatsoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee:
dim To Thee, my God, to Thee.

mp 4 Renouncing every worldly thing;
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
cr My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee:
mf In Thee, my God, in Thee.

Oberlin, 1740-1826.
Tr. L. Wilson, 1802-1863.

Israel shall be saved by the Lord, with an everlasting salvation.—Isaiah xlv. 17. 774
L. M.

mf 1 O GOD of Love, so strong and pure,
We find in Thee our constant joy;
cr Thou art our hope and shield most sure,
Thy praise shall now our lips employ.

f 2 O God of Light that shines for all,
Thy rays fall bright on every road;
They set us free from sin's dark pall,
dim And call us to Thine own abode.

mf 3 O God of Power, that knows no end,
And works through all our sin and pain;
From evil Thou dost e'er defend,
And draw us to Thyself again.

f 4 Thy Love, and Light, and Power unite,
To make us Thy creation fair:
mp Grant us the pure, angelic sight,
cr That helps us heavenly joy to share.

J. T. Freeth.

Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.—Psalm lxvi. 9. 775
8, 8, 8, 8, 6.

mp 1 O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee:
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
cr May richer, fuller be.

mf 2 O Light that followest all my way,
dim I yield my flickering torch to Thee:
cr My heart restores its borrowed ray,
f That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

mp 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee:
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
cr And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.

p 4 O Lord, Thou liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee:
pp I lay in dust life's glory dead,
cr And from the ground there blossoms red
f Life that shall endless be.

G. Matheson, 1842-1906.

776

Thy loving kindness is better than life.—Psalm lxiii. 3. 6, 6, 6, 6.

mf 1 O LOVE that casts out fear,
O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

f 3 Great love of God, come in,
dim Well-spring of heavenly peace,
cr Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up, and never cease.

H. Bonar, 1808-1889.

A name which is above every name.—Phil. ii. 9. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6. **777**

mf 1 O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
cr O Name of might and favour,
All other names above:
p We worship Thee, (*cr*) we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing:
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King!

mf 2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought:
p We worship Thee, (*cr*) we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King!

f 3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Lord of life, is Thine:
p We worship Thee, (*cr*) we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing:
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King!

mf 4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love;

f Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
cr And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King!

F. R. Havergal, 1836-1879.

778

I will come into Thy house in the multitude of Thy mercy.—Psalm v. 7.

9, 4, 4, 9, 6, 9, 9, 9, 6.

mf 1 OUT of my bondage, sorrow, and night,
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!
cr Into Thy freedom, gladness and light,
Jesus, I come to Thee!
mp Out of my sickness into Thy health,
Out of my want and into Thy wealth,
cr Out of my sin and into Thyself,
Jesus, I come to Thee!

mp 2 Out of unrest and arrogant pride,
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!
cr Into Thy blessèd will to abide,
Jesus, I come to Thee!
mf Out of myself to dwell in Thy love,
Out of deep sorrow to gladness above,
cr Upward for aye on wings like a dove,
Jesus, I come to Thee!

p 3 Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!
cr Into the joy and light of Thy home,
Jesus, I come to Thee!

mp Out of the depths of ruin untold,
dim Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
cr Ever Thy glorious face to behold,
f Jesus, I come to Thee!

W. T. Sleeper.

Sing forth the honour of His name.—Psalm lxvi. 2. 6, 5 (12 lines). **779**

mf 1 SING a hymn to Jesus
When the heart is faint:
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.
p If the work is sorrow,
If the way is long,
If thou dreadst the morrow,
cr Tell it Him in song.
mp Though thy heart be aching
For the crown and palm,
cr Keep thy spirit waking
With a thankful psalm.

mp 2 Jesus we are lowly,
cr Thou art very high;
dim We are all unholy,
Thou art purity.
p We are frail and fleeting,
cr Thou art still the same;
All life's joys are meeting
In Thy blessed name.
f Sing a hymn to Jesus
When thy heart is faint:
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

f 3 First and Last is Jesus,
And in Him I see
Father, Son, and Spirit
Coming down to me.
mf Climbing to His brightness
Up my steps of praise,
cr Soon a sudden lightness
Gilds my darkened days.
f So I sing to Jesus
When my heart is faint;
So I tell to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

mp 4 All His words are music,
Though they make me weep,
dim Infinitely tender,
Infinitely deep.
mf Time can never render
All in Him I see;
dim Infinitely tender,
Human Deity.
f Sing a hymn to Jesus
When thy heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

mf 5 Jesus, let me love Thee,
Infinitely sweet;
What are the poor odours
I bring to Thy feet?
mp Yet I love Thee, love Thee;
dim Come into my heart,
And ere long remove me
cr To be where Thou art.

f Thus I sing to Jesus
When my heart is faint;
So I tell to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

Edwin Paxton Hood, 1820-1885.

I will be with him in trouble.—Psalm xci. 15. D. C. M. **780**

f 1 THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
p To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

mf 2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight;
cr And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light:
mp And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
cr Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

mf 3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine Almighty breath;

cr To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
f That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

E. H. Plumptre, 1821-1891.

781

God is able to make all grace abound toward you.—2 Cor. ix. 8. C. M.

mf 1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still:
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.

f 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound!
dim A vast, a deep unmeasured sea,
p A mystery profound.

mf 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

f 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure.

C. Wesley, 1707-1788.

In Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple.—Psalm v. 7. 782

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

mp 1 O BLESSÈD Lord, to Thee we bow
In lowly adoration:
f Our Rock, our Shield, our Hope art Thou,
mf And our entire salvation:
We lift our hearts to seek Thy face,
We wait before Thee for Thy grace;
dim O grant to us Thy favour.

mf 2 Thy love has sheltered all the way
Of our most wayward going;
Our light in shade, in need our stay,
Our pleasure ever-flowing:
cr We lift our hearts in holy song,
f Loud hallelujahs here prolong,
Exultingly we thank Thee.

mf 3 In all the way Thy love shall lead
We seek Thy safe upholding:
f In storm and stress, (*dim*) in pain and need,
mp We ask for Thine infolding:
mf To guard our lives and keep us true
To calls and visions ever new
We confidently trust Thee.

mf 4 Morn grows to noon, noon draws to night,
dim So fades away life's glory;
p Help us to love and use the light
Ere ends our earthly story:
mp Grant us, O Lord, when life is done,
cr Its race is o'er, its battle won,
f To stand within Thy glory.

G. Beesley Austin.

783

His name shall be called Wonderful.—Isaiah ix. 6. C. M.

mf 1 O NAME, all other names above,
What art Thou not to me?
Now I have learned to trust Thy love
And cast my care on Thee.

f 2 Thrice blessed be the holy souls
That lead the way to Thee,
dim Inscribed upon the martyr-rolls
And lists of prophecy.

p 3 And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod;
cr But sweeter far when Thou art found,
Our Saviour and our God.

mp 4 The thought of Thee all sorrow calms,
Our anxious burdens fall;
cr His crosses turn to triumph-palms
f Who finds in Thee his all.

F. L. Hosmer

In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.—John i. 4.

784

10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

mf 1 LIGHT of the world, (*dim*) faint were our weary feet
With wandering far;
cr But Thou didst come our lonely hearts to greet,
O Morning Star;
f And Thou didst bid us lift our gaze on high
To see the glory of the glowing sky.

mp 2 In days long past we missed our homeward way;
We could not see;
dim Blind were our eyes, our feet were wont to stray:
How blind to Thee!
p But Thou didst pity, Lord, our gloomy plight;
cr And Thou didst touch our eyes, and give them sight.

f 3 Now hallelujahs rise along the road
Our glad feet tread;
p Thy love hath shared our sorrow's heavy load;
cr There's light o'erhead:
f Glory to Thee whose love hath led us on,
Glory for all the great things Thou hast done.

ff 4 Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory,
Where all the pain,
Now that thy King the veil that hung o'er thee
Hath rent in twain?
mf Light of the world, we hear Thee bid us come
cr To light and love in Thine eternal home.

L. Ormiston Chant.

785

He shall give you another Comforter . . . even the Spirit of truth.—John xiv. 16.

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

mf 1 COME, Thou Holy Spirit, come;
And from Thine eternal home
Shed the ray of light divine;
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou Source of all our store,
cr Come, within our bosoms shine.

mf 2 Thou of comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome guest,
Always with us here below;
p In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful shelter from the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

mf 3 Heal our wounds, our strength renew,
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

4 On the faithful who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward,
cr Give them Thy salvation, Lord,
f Give them joys that never end.

E. Caswall, Tr., 1814-1878.

Alleluia; for our God, the Almighty, reigneth.—Rev. xix. 6. 786

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

f 1 ALLELUIA! worship Jesus,
He is Lord and God alone;
Alleluia! praise to Jesus,
He is King upon the throne.
For the mighty foe is vanquished,
For the bondman now is free:
cr And the Conqueror for ever
Captive leads captivity.

mf 2 Alleluia! (*p*) pray to Jesus;
cr He alone can answer prayer;
f Alleluia! (*cr*) lift to Jesus
Hearts and voices everywhere.
mf In the sunny days of childhood,
In the early time of youth,
Ask of Him, and He will lead you
dim In the ways of peace and truth.

f 3 Alleluia! look to Jesus,
He will cast the tempter down;
Alleluia! give to Jesus
All the glory and renown.
Far above all heav'ns ascended,
dim Stilling tumult, woe, and strife;
cr Unto those who keep His precepts,
f He will give a crown of life.

ff 4 Alleluia! praise to Jesus,
Saviour, Lord and God alone;
Alleluia! worship Jesus,
He is King upon the throne

His dominion, through the ages,
Shall for evermore increase,—
Glory, honour, adoration,
Be unto the Prince of Peace.

J. Stuart Bogg.

787

Thou hast lifted me up.—Ps. xxx. 1.
6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.

f 1 LIFT up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
mf Now breathes a softer air,
Now shines a milder sky ;
mp The early trees put forth
Their new and tender leaf ;
dim Hushed is the moaning wind
That told of winter's grief.

f 2 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky.
mf The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
cr And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

f 3 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh
O, note the varying signs
Of earth, and air, and sky :
mf The God of Glory comes
In gentleness and might,
dim To comfort and alarm,
To succour and to smite.

f 4 He comes, the wide world's King ;
He comes, the true heart's Friend ;
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end ;
He comes, to fill with light
The weary waiting eye :
ff Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh.

T. T. Lynch, 1818-1871.

I will save my people Israel.—2 Sam. iii. 18. 788
7, 3, 7, 3, 7, 7, 7, 3.

f 1 WE have heard a joyful sound—
Jesus saves !
Spread the gladness all around :
Jesus saves !
Bear the news to every land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves ;
Onward ! 'tis our Lord's command :
Jesus saves !

f 2 Waft it on the rolling tide :
Jesus saves !
Tell to sinners far and wide,
Jesus saves !
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves ;
Earth shall keep her jubilee :
Jesus saves !

f 3 Sing above the battle's strife,
Jesus saves !
mp By His death (*cr*) and endless life
mf Jesus saves !

pp Sing it softly through the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves;
cr Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
f Jesus saves!

ff 4 Give the winds a mighty voice,
Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice:
Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free
To every strand that ocean laves—
This our song of victory,
Jesus saves!

P. J. Owens.

789

When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.—Matt. ii. 10.

6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.

mf 1 FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home,
mp Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
cr Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.

p 2 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
f Who dost still in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
mp Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
dim Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

mp 3 Gather in the outcasts,
Who have gone astray,
cr Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
p Those who never knew Thee,
Who have wandered far,
cr Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

f 4 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star.

G. Thring, 1823-1903.

And laid Him in a manger.—Luke ii. 7.
8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7. **790**

p 1 CRADLED in a manger, meanly
Laid the Son of Man His head;
Sleeping His first earthly slumber
Where the oxen had been fed.
cr Happy were those shepherds listening
To the holy angel's word;
Happy they, within that stable,
Worshipping their infant Lord.

mf 2 Happy all who hear the message
Of His coming from above;
cr Happier still who hail His coming,
And with praises greet His love.

Blessèd Saviour, Christ most holy,
In a manger Thou didst rest ;
dim Canst Thou stoop again, yet lower,
p And abide within my breast?

mp 3 Evil things are there before Thee ;
In the heart, where they have fed,
Wilt Thou pitifully enter,
Son of Man, and lay Thy head ?
cr Enter, then, O Christ most holy ;
Make a Christmas in my heart ;
f Make a heaven of my manger :
It is heaven where Thou art.

p 4 And to those who never listened
To the message of Thy birth,
dim Who have winter, but no Christmas
Bringing them Thy peace on earth,
cr Send to these the joyful tidings ;
By all people, in each home,
f Be there heard the Christmas anthem,
ff Christ the Saviour God has come !

G. Stringer Rowe, 1830-1913.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

In His love and in His pity He redeemed us.
—Isa. lxiii. 9. 8, 6, 8, 4. **791**

mf 1 ETERNAL Love, increase within
The love that saves the soul:
Subdue each rising pulse of sin,
And make us whole.

mp 2 These human hearts, in weakness turn
cr To Thee, O Love most strong!
For help when passions fiercely burn,
dim And work our wrong.

mf 3 Let then Thine inward aid appear,
Thy strength within our breast;
cr And we from ills, and pain, and fear,
Shall triumph wrest.

mp 4 May visions of Thine unseen good
Lead where we blindly grope;
cr Reveal the world's beatitude,
And boundless hope.

mf 5 And may we always keep the sight
Of this earth's heavenlier side:
See Love Divine maintain the right,
Howe'er defied.

f 6 That God is love, and love is God,
Love's heart alone can know:
The roughest path man ever trod,
This truth shall show.

James Bell.

792

Let us run with patience the race that is set before us.—Heb. xii. 1.

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

mf 1 LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him, whate'er betide;
cr Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide;
f Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

mp 2 What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

p 3 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope; content
cr To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent:
mf Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

f 4 He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as He sees it meet;
When thou hast borne the fiery test
And art made free from all deceit,
dim He comes to thee all unaware,
p And makes thee own His loving care.

mf 5 Nor, in the heat of pain and strife,
Think God hath cast thee off unheard,
And that the man, whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of Him preferred:
mp Time passes, and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

f 6 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee:
cr God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

Neumarck, 1621-1681, *Tr. C. Winkworth*, 1829-1878.

The Lord knoweth them that are His.— 2 Tim. ii. 19. 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10. **793**

p 1 LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
mf At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come.
p With Him I found a home, a rest divine;
cr And I since then am His, and He is mine.

mf 2 Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen;
A glorious Sun, that wanes not, nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And on His people's inward darkness shines.
lim All may depart (*p*) I fret not, nor repine,
cr While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

mf 3 He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe;
f Plants on my upraised brow the victor's crown,
dim Which, in return, before His feet I throw,
p Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
cr Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

mp 4 While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
cr But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
f And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

F. Quarles, 1592-1644, *and*
H. F. Lyte, 1793-1847.

794

The Lord my God will enlighten my darkness.—Ps. xviii. 28. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

mf 1 NOT only in the sunshine, Lord,
When life is glad and sings aloud,
With all about us in accord;
f But we would praise Thee in the cloud:
Then let us lift our gaze above,
And thank Thee for the heart of love.

p 2 When in the misty dark we stand
And strain our aching eyes to see;
When without help from other hand
We lift our weary arms to Thee:
cr Then let us feel our firmest stay—
Thy love that cannot pass away.

mf 3 Where'er we go, despite our fear,
Still may we know, beneath our doubt,
cr The sense that Thou art ever near,
Thy loving Presence round about:
f No more we wander in despair,
The eternal heart of Love is there.

mp 4 Take Thou away our pride's false strife,
And where Thou willest let us go;
The current of our little life,
Apart from Thine, where should it flow?
cr Fill Thou our hearts, that we may see
In every man some trace of Thee.

T. E. Harvey.

He bringeth them unto their desired haven.— Psalm cvii. 30. 8, 7 (12 lines). 795

f 1 O'ER the wide and restless ocean
Of our life we speed along,
And to God, whose mercy wafts us,
Will we raise our trustful song.
mp For, though dark the flood behind us
And though dim the track before,
cr Yet our barque shall reach her haven,
On a bright and blessed shore.

Chorus—

mf For at last a light shall cheer us,
Softly beaming from afar;
cr And the love of God shall guide us,
Like a fadeless beacon star.

f 2 Never fear the angry surges
Beating o'er the reefs of sin ;
But obey the voice of duty,
Keep alert the watch within.
And still bravely steer right onwards,
Though the tempest sweep the sea,
dim Though the thunder clouds may gather,
p And the land is on the lee.

mf For at last, etc.

f 3 To the call to keep our courses
True to nobleness and worth,
Let our hearts be all as constant
As the needle to the north.
mp And whate'er the fears and dangers,
That may cloud our changeful day,
cr To the firm of heart and fearless
Shall no peril bring dismay.

mf For at last, etc.

f 4 For our home is o'er the waters,
On a fair but distant strand ;
And the Saviour is the pilot,
Who shall bring us safe to land,
mf Where the waves shall break to music,
And the rough wind blow no more,
cr And a blissful welcome wait us
From the loved ones gone before.

f For at last, etc.

A. N. Blatchford.

The meek will He guide in judgment.—
Psalm xxv. 9. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6. **796**

mf 1 THY hand, O God, has guided
Thy flock from age to age;
The wondrous tale is written
Full clear on every page;
Our fathers owned Thy goodness,
And we Thy deeds record;
And both of them bear witness,
f One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

p 2 Through many a day of darkness,
Through many a scene of strife,
The faithful few fought bravely
To guard the nation's life;
cr Their gospel of redemption,
Sin pardoned, man restored,
Was all in this unfolded,
f One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

mf 3 And we, shall we be faithless?
Shall hearts fail, hands hang down?
dim Shall we evade the conflict
And cast away our crown?
mf Not so; in God's deep counsels
Some better thing is stored;
cr We will maintain unshrinking,
f One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

mf 4 Thy mercy will not fail us,
Nor leave Thy work undone;
cr With Thy right hand to help us,
The victory shall be won.

f And then by men and angels
Thy name shall be adored,
cr And this shall be their anthem,
ff One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

Johann Cruger, 1598-1662.

797

Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.—1 Peter v. 7. L. M.

mf 1 THERE'S not a bird with lonely nest,
In pathless wood or mountain crest,
Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
O God, in Thy paternal care.

2 Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds Thee within its solitude;
p And Thou dost bless the wanderer there,
Who makes his solitary prayer.

mf 3 In busy mart or crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness!

4 And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing;
cr Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last through all eternity!

mf 5 And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
cr Through all our years, in every place,
Will bless Thee for Thy boundless grace.

Baptist W. Noel, 1799-1873.

I know their sorrows.—Ex. iii. 7. 798

11, 10, 11, 10, 10, 10.

p 1 THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed,—
cr I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
dim And lay them at Thy feet: (*p*) Thou knowest, Lord.

mp 2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
dim On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
cr How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
dim He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
p And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
cr And brought back life and hope and strength again.

mf 3 Thou knowest all the present: each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear,
dim All to myself assigned of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones than self more dear;
p All pensive memories, as I journey on,
pp Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

mf 4 Thou knowest all the future: (*cr*) gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
dim Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
p And the dark river to be crossed at last;
cr O what could confidence and hope afford
To tread that path, but this, (*p*) Thou knowest, Lord?

mf 5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing;
As Man our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
dim On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
p O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
cr And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
mf And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Jane L. Borthwick, 1813-1897.

799

Blessed are the poor in spirit.—Matt. v. 3

8, 6, 8, 4.

mp 1 SHOW me myself, O holy Lord;
Help me to look within;
I will not turn me from the sight
Of all my sin.

2 Not mine, the purity of heart
That shall at last see God;
Not mine, the following in the steps
The Saviour trod.

mf 3 Not mine, the life I thought to live
When first I took Thy name;
dim Mine, but the right to weep and grieve
Over my shame.

mf 4 Yet, Lord, I thank Thee for the sight
Thou hast vouchsafed to me;
dim And humbled in the dust I cling
Closer to Thee.

mf 5 And if Thy love will not disown
So frail a heart as mine,
p Chasten and cleanse it as Thou wilt,
cr But keep it Thine!

Anonymous.

Jesus went up into the Temple and taught.—
John vii. 14. 10, 10, 10, 10, 6. **800**

mp 1 WE ask not that our path be always bright,
cr But for Thy aid to walk therein aright;
mf That Thou, O Lord, through all its devious way,
Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day:
p For this, for this we pray.

mp 2 Not for the fleeting joys that earth bestows,
Not for exemption from its many woes:
cr But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,
With childlike faith we trust Thy guidance still,
p And do Thy holy will.

p 3 Teach us, dear Lord, to find the latent good
That sorrow yields, when rightly understood;
cr And for the frequent joy that crowns our days,
mf Help us with grateful hearts our hymns to raise,
cr Of thankfulness and praise.

mf 4 Thou knowest all our needs, and wilt supply:
No veil of darkness hides us from Thine eye;
Nor vainly, from the depth, on Thee we call:
mp Thy tender love, (*cr*) that breaks the tempter's thrall,
dim Folds and encircles all.

W. H. Burleigh, 1812-1871.

THE WORD.

Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever.—Psalm cxix. 111. 801

7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8.

mf 1 BLESSED Jesus, at Thy Word
We are gathered all to hear Thee;
Let our hearts and souls be stirred
Now to seek and love and fear Thee;
p By Thy teachings sweet and holy,
cr Drawn from earth, to love Thee solely.

mp 2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight,
dim Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
cr Till Thy spirit brings us light,
With the beams of truth unclouded;
f Thou alone, O Lord, canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

mf 3 Gracious Lord, Thyself impart
Truth from love divine proceeding,
Open Thou our eyes and heart,
dim Let us hear Thy still voice pleading;
cr Till our answering cry it raises:
Hear, and bless our prayer and praises.

C. Winkworth, Tr., 1829-1878.

802

Thy testimonies are wonderful: therefore doth my soul keep them.—Psalm cxix. 129.

8, 7, 8, 7.

mf 1 O HOW blest the hour, Lord Jesus,
When we can to Thee draw near,
Promises so sweet and precious
From Thy gracious lips to hear!

mp 2 Be with us this day to bless us,
That we may not hear in vain;
cr With the saving truths impress us,
Which the words of life contain.

mf 3 See us, eager for salvation,
Sit, Lord Jesus, at Thy feet,
dim And with breathless expectation
Hang upon Thine accents sweet.

mf 4 Open Thou our minds, and lead us
Safely on our heavenward way;
With the lamp of truth precede us,
That we may not go astray.

f 5 Lord, endue Thy word from heaven
With such light, and love, and power,
dim That in us its silent leaven
May work on from hour to hour.

mf 6 Give us grace to bear our witness
To the truths we have embraced;
And let others both their sweetness
And their quickening virtue taste.

C. J. Spitta, 1801-1859.

The entrance of Thy words giveth light.—Psalm cxix. 130. C. M. **803**

mf 1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way:—

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
cr Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

mf 3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
cr When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay.

f 4 Word of the everlasting God,
Light of His glorious Sun,
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

mp 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, child-like hearts!

B. Barton, 1784-1849.

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.—Psalm xix. 7. **804**
8, 6, 8, 6, 4, 4, 8, 8.

mp 1 THY Word, O Lord, like gentle dews
Falls soft on hearts that pine;
Lord, to Thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly balm of Thine.

mf Refreshed by Thee,
Let every tree
cr Bud forth and blossom to Thy praise
And bear much fruit in after days.

f 2 Thy Word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone;
Keen as a fire, so burns Thy Word,
And pierceth flesh and bone.
cr O send it forth,
O'er all the earth,
To scatter all the night of sin,
dim The darkened heart to cleanse and win.

mf 3 Thy Word, O Lord, a guiding star
On pilgrim hearts doth rise;
Leads those to Thee who dwell afar,
And makes the simple wise.
mp Let not its light
E'er sink in night,
cr But still in every spirit shine,
That none may miss Thy light divine.

C. Winkworth, Tr., 1829-1878.

805

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.—Isa. lv. 1. 7, 6, 7, 6.

mf 1 THERE is a wondrous sweetness
In every word of Thine;
A world of love and beauty,
A melody Divine.

f 2 Its strains go ringing ever
Through all my daily tasks:
dim They gently give an answer
To all my spirit asks.

mf 3 As fountains in the desert,
As dews upon the pine,
p A balm, a prayer, a blessing,
Are those sweet words of Thine.

Adolph Roeder.

Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.
—Hab. ii. 2. C. M. 806

mf 1 THERE is a book that all may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

f 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
im Wherewith encompassed, great and small
p In peace and order move.

f 4 One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
cr The everlasting sea proclaims,
As do angelic songs.

f 5 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
p But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

mf 6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
cr Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

J. Keble, 1792-1866.

807

He looked up to heaven, and blessed and brake the loaves, and gave them to His disciples to set before them.—Mark vi. 41.

6, 4, 6, 4.

mf 1 BREAK Thou the bread of life,
O Lord, to me;
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea.

2 Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord:
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word!

mp 3 O send Thy Spirit, Lord,
Now unto me,
cr And do Thou touch mine eyes,
And make me see:

mf 4 Show me the truth concealed
Within Thy Word,
cr Thus in Thy Book revealed,
I see Thee, Lord.

mf 5 Bless Thou Thy Word, O Lord,
To me—to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee.

f 6 Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall:
mp And I shall find my peace,
cr My all in all.

Mary Ann Lathbury, 1841.

THE CHURCH.

BAPTISM.

808 *He shall carry the lambs in His bosom: and shall gently lead those that are with young.*—Isa. xl. 11. 8, 7, 8, 7.

mj 1 SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding,
With the Shepherd's tenderest care,
And the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share.

2 Now these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There we know, Thy Word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
p Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
cr Keep them through life's dangerous way.

mf 4 Then within Thy fold eternal
May they find a resting place;
cr Feed in pastures ever-vernal,
Drink the waters of Thy grace.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1796-1877.

Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto Me.—Matt. xix. 14. C. M. **809**

mp 1 LO, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms:
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

p 2 Suffer the little ones, He says,
Forbid them not to come:
cr Of such is heaven; and souls like these
Shall find in heaven their home.

mf 3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
And yield them up to Thee:
cr With joy that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

P. Doddridge, 1702-1751.

HOLY SUPPER.

He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me.—John vi. 57. 10, 10, 10, 10. **810**

mf 1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face:
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen;
cr Here I would grasp with firmer hand Thy grace,
rim And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

mf 2 Here I would feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
p Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
dim Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

mp 3 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, (*cr*) but Thou art here,
mf Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

mp 4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
cr Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above:
f Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

H. Bonar, 1808-1889.

811

If ye keep My commandments ye shall abide in My love.—John xv. 10.

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

mf 1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine:
cr Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord:
f Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

mf 2 Jesus, we Thy promise claim,
We are met in Thy great name,
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest Thy presence here:
p Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
dim Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace.

f 3 Make us all in Thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet,
Meet to stand before Thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light:
cr Call, O call us each by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb!

C. Wesley, 1708-1788.

MARRIAGE.

And both Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage.—John ii. 2.

812

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

mf 1 CROWN with Thy benediction
This sacrament of love;
And make this hallowed union
Foretaste of heaven above;
Let pure and perfect gladness,
dim Let pure and perfect rest,
p And peace, (*cr*) that knows no sadness,
Thy presence, Lord, attest.

mf 2 As once in Eden's springtime,
As once at Cana's feast,
So consecrate this bridal—
Be Thou its Guest and Priest!
f With sunshine wreathe the altar,
Chase every cloud away,
Nor let their voices falter
Who plight their troth to-day.

mf 3 With Thy great love befriend them,
The love that casts out fear;
And make a rainbow round them
For every falling tear:
f Till, all their sheaves well-garnered,
Heaven's harvest-home they raise,
cr Where love, that knows no ending,
Inspires more perfect praise.

J. B. Greenwood.

813

Marriage is honourable in all.—Heb. xiii. 4.
8, 6, 8, 4.

mf 1 ETERNAL Love, whose law doth sway
The worlds in ordered course,
And works in human hearts its way
With sacred force:

mp 2 To Thee our waiting hearts we lift,
This solemn, joyful hour,
And ask Thy Spirit's perfect gift,
For marriage dower.

mf 3 Thy hand the sacred links hath wrought
That bind two souls in one;
Thy highest mysteries thus are taught,
Thy heaven begun.

p 4 O hallow with Thy presence now
This sacrament of love:
Breathe in the trembling human vow
cr Strength from above.

mf 5 Then through what scenes the unknown road
Of outward life may roam,
cr A flame that on Thine altar glowed
Shall light the home.

E. S. Armitage, 1840.

The third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee.—John ii. 1. 814

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

mf 1 O LOVE divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light:
mp O Love divine and gentle,
The Blesser and the blest!
Beneath whose care parental
dim The world lies down in rest.

f 2 The fields of earth adore Thee,
The forests sing Thy praise,
All living things before Thee
Their holiest anthems raise:
cr Thou art the joy of gladness,
The Life of life Thou art;
dim The dew of gentle sadness,
That droppeth on the heart.

mf 3 O Love divine and tender,
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love.

A throne without Thy blessing
Were labour without rest,
And cottages possessing
Thy blessedness are blest.

mf 4 God bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they, through life, go on;
mp Here, in earth's home preparing
cr For the bright home above;
f And there, for ever sharing
Its joy, where God is love.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1811-1875.

815

What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.—Matt. xix. 6.

11, 10, 11, 10.

mf 1 O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
p Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
cr That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

mf 2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With child-like trust that fears not pain nor death.

mf 3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
p Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
cr And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
f That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy F. Gurney, 1858.

Marriage is honourable in all.—Heb. xiii. 4. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. 816

mf 1 SAVIOUR, let Thy sanction rest
On the union witnessed now,
Be it with Thy presence blest,
Ratify the nuptial vow,
Hallowed let this union be,
With each other, and with Thee.

2 We the miracle require—
Turning water into wine—
And our panting hearts desire
Now to taste Thy love divine:
mp Holy influence from above
Consecrating earthly love.

mf 3 Let the path our friends pursue,
From this hour together trod,
Many though its days, or few,
Be a pilgrimage to God;
cr To the land where rest is given,
To our Father's house in heaven.

T. Raffles, 1788-1863.

FOUNDATION-STONE LAYING.

817 *Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest; Thou and the ark of Thy strength.*—Psalm cxxxii. 8.
6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.

f 1 CHRIST is the Foundation of the house we raise;
Be its walls salvation, and its gateways praise!
mp May its threshold lowly to the Lord be dear;
May the hearts be holy that shall worship here!

f 2 On the Rock of Ages, resting broad and deep,
Where life's tempest rages, (*dim*) here let passion sleep;
mf Here may prayers and praises never cease to rise,
cr Till in Christ they raise us nearer to the skies.

mp 3 Here the vow be sealèd by Thy Spirit, Lord;
cr Here the sick be healèd, and the lost restored;
p Here the broken-hearted Thy forgiveness prove;
cr Here the friends long parted be restored to love.

mf 4 Here may every token of Thy presence be,
Here may chains be broken, prisoners here set free;
cr Here may light illumine every soul of Thine,
Lifting up the human into the Divine.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1811-1875.

DEDICATION.

Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling place. —1 Kings viii. 30. L. M. **818**

mf 1 BE with us, gracious Lord, to-day;
This house we dedicate to Thee;
mp O hear Thy servants as they pray,
And let Thine ear attentive be.

p 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
Let truth and love be always found;
May burdened hearts find sweet release,
cr And souls with richest grace be crowned.

mp 3 May here be heard the suppliant's sigh,
The weary find their needed rest;
Here, may the contrite to Thee cry,
cr And trustful hearts be richly blessed.

mf 4 Here, when the gospel sound is heard,
And here proclaimed Thy saving Name,
cr May minds be quickened, moved, and stirred,
And souls be kindled into flame.

C. C. Bell.

In every place incense shall be offered unto My name, and a pure offering.—Mal. i. 11. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7. **819**

f 1 GOD of love, our Father, Saviour,
Holy Spirit, Thee we praise!
Mighty God, all thought transcending,
Fain would we a temple raise
Worthy of Thy loving-kindness,
Hallow'd through our earthly days!

mf 2 Make these stones a hallow'd symbol
Saints of God who run may read,
Types of those whom, blest Redeemer,
Thou from sin and woe hast freed;
cr Pillars Thou hast hewn and shapen,
Thine elect in very deed!

f 3 O restore the gates of Zion,
Let her courts with praise resound!
Let Thy light and love descending
Shed their radiant joys around!
So shall man reveal Thy glory,—
dim Earth, like heav'n, be hallow'd ground!

mf 4 Fain would we, within these portals,
Find Thee, Lord, a living guest;
Worship Thee, in truth and spirit,
By Thy constant love possess'd,—
dim Here with grateful hearts adore Thee,
p Here find holy peace and rest!

Henry W. Robilliard.

820

I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations.—Isa. lx. 15.

L. M.

mp 1 AS fall the shades of eventide
And darkness leads to break of day,
cr Thy Church through all her changes guide,
O Lord, the Life, the Truth, the Way.

mf 2 She waiteth, watcheth through the night;
Thy promised morn shall bring her joy.
cr O grant her light in Thy glad light,
And love that knoweth not alloy.

mf 3 Vigil or vision, bless each means,
Uplifting, Lord, to inward life:
cr Thus strengthen every mind that leans
On Thy true Word 'gainst outer strife.

mf 4 For all Thou dost, for all Thou art,
We fain would yield Thee some return:
p A grateful and a contrite heart,
cr A love whose flame shall heavenward burn.

mp 5 What if the eye can never scan
The inmost beauties of a rose?
cr Thy Word to angel and to man
Unfailing treasures shall disclose.

f 6 O spread its radiance more and more,
From north to south, from east to west:
On all mankind Thy spirit pour,
God over all, for ever blest.

Henry W. Robilliard.

THE SABBATH.

Be glad, then, ye children of Zion.—Joel ii. 23. 11, 10, 11, 10. 821

mf 1 O GOD of Love, we bless Thy Word that hallows
This day of rest to our o'erwearied powers:
dim As comes Thy calm down on the foaming billows,
p Come to our souls Thy sweet Sabbatic hours.

mp 2 Here may the aged ones, their griefs forgetting,
Breathe in the quiet which Thy temple fills;
dim And may their sun when near its tranquil setting,
Clothe in its farewell smile the western hills.

mf 3 May childhood learn the words by Thee once spoken,
And give to Thee its fresh and morning hours,
mp Ere sin the earliest charm of life hath broken,
And while the dew lies sparkling on the flowers.

mf 4 And here may all, strong man or gentle maiden,
dim When with the load of care or sin opprest,
p Hear Thy sweet voice, O come ye heavy laden,
cr Come unto Me (*dim*) and I will give you rest.

E. H. Sears, 1810-1876.

WORSHIP.

822 *Incense shall be offered unto My name in every place.*—Mal. i. 11.

10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.

mf 1 BY God's command, in every sacred place
Wherein men sought His mercy and His grace,
Offering of incense priests made to His Name,
On every altar burned the holy flame.
cr So in true worship, thoughts like incense rise
From hearts inflamed to ardent sacrifice.

mp 2 Let no strange incense e'er defile the soul,
In Thee we live, our fondest thoughts control.
cr May love supreme our deepest wishes fill,
f In radiant sunshine flood the waiting will;
mf Thus holy incense from the soul shall rise,
Offering to Thee a constant sacrifice.

mp 3 May every prayer ascend, great God, to Thee,
From contrite souls who humbly bend the knee!
cr Who ask forgiveness will not ask in vain,
For Thou dost know our weakness and our pain.
p To Thee the sorrow of a sin confessed
cr Ascends like sweetest incense, doubly blest.

mf 4 May grateful songs, like heavenly odours, shed
A sphere of gladness upon every head;
cr Then will our praises lift the heart above
All worldly thoughts and feelings to Thy love.
f Thou who art God, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Renew our hearts in Thee from day to day.

H. Deans.

I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.—Isa. xlii. 16. 823

D. C. M.

f 1 GOD of our fathers, who of old didst make
Thy people free,
And lead them forth through desert wastes and through the parted sea,—

Lord of all hosts, we worship Thee, through endless years the same ;
We sing the wonders of Thy ways, the glories of Thy name.

mf 2 We bless Thee for the Sabbath hours which bid our labours cease,
dim When over home and heart there steals Thine own sweet word of peace,—
cr The day which Thou hast made and blessed, the brightest of the seven,
Which gives us in Thy temple courts the opened gate of heaven.

mf 3 We bless Thee for the Word of Life, the truth which makes us free,
Which tells us of Thine earthly years, Thy love and purity :
mp O Love supreme and wonderful, surpassing all our thought,
cr Thy pitying and redeeming Love which our salvation wrought !

mf 4 We bless Thee for our fellowship, communion divine,
The fellowship of toil and hope, the service-joy of Thine :
cr We all are one who live in Thee ; the bright succession runs,
And children rise, as fathers pass beyond the setting suns.

mp 5 We bless Thee for the bygone years, with love and mercy sown ;
The future years are calling now, all shadowed by Thy throne :

cr O guide us by Thy wisdom, Lord; O keep us by Thy grace;
lim And bring us, when our task is wrought, to see Thee face to face!

Henry Burton, 1840.

Thy Kingdom come.—Matt. vi. 10.
6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. **824**

mf 1 BREAK, day of God, O break,
Sweet light of heavenly skies!
I all for thee forsake,
And from my dead self rise:
cr O Saviour God, whose love is light,
Shine on my soul, and all is bright.

mf 2 Break, day of God, O break!
The night has lingered long;
p Our hearts with sighing wake,
We weep for sin and wrong:
cr O Bright and Morning Star, draw near,
O Sun of Righteousness, appear.

mf 3 Break, day of God, O break!
The earth with strife is worn;
f The hills with thunder shake,
im Hearts of the people mourn:
np Break, day of God, sweet day of peace,
im And bid the shout of warriors cease!

mf 4 Break, day of God, O break,
Like to the days above!
Let purity awake,
And faith, and hope, and love:
cr E'en now we see the brightening sky;
The golden morn is drawing nigh.

H. Burton, 1840.

PRAISE.

825

Sing unto the Lord . . . talk ye of all His wondrous works.—Psalm cv. 2.

8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

mp 1 ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
cr Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
f Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

mf 2 Sun and noon bright,
Night and moonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
cr Sons of God that shout for gladness,
f Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

mf 3 Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared:
cr Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
f Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

mf 4 Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured:
cr Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
f Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

mf 5 Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
mp Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
cr Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
f Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

mf 6 Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver:
Praise Him, Father, Friend and Lord!
cr Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
ff Praise the great and mighty Lord!

John Stuart Blackie, 1809-1895.

The mighty God, The everlasting Father.—Isa. ix. 6. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 4. **826**

mf 1 FATHER of all, to Thee Thy children come,
And hymn Thy praise;
Their hearts and voices in melodious song
To Thee would raise;
im And thank Thee for the tenderness and care
Thy Love conveys.

mf 2 For all Thy gifts and mercies day by day,
We bless Thy Name;
mp Thou didst redeem us, and Thou still dost save
From sin and shame;
cr Thy Truth our guide and watchword, let us, Lord,
Thy Truth proclaim.

mp 3 Lead us, dear Lord, along the narrow way
Of doing right;
Our simple duties help us to fulfil
With deep delight;
cr Help us to feel that we, Thy children, dwell
In Thy clear sight.

mf 4 So shall we know and love Thee, Father, Lord,
And joyous bring
Our hearts, our minds, our lives, complete and free,
Love's offering;
cr Then grant, dear Lord, at last, in heaven, that we
f Thy praises sing.

C. E. Rowe.

827

He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered; the Lord is gracious and full of compassion.—Psalm cxi. 4. 7, 7, 7, 4.

mf 1 FOR the bright sky spread above,
For the cooing of the dove,
For the hearts of those we love,
cr We thank Thee, Lord.

mp 2 For all gracious thoughts that rise,
For all generous deeds and wise,
For the glance of kindly eyes,
cr We thank Thee, Lord.

mf 3 For the sea and for the strand,
For the mountains gray and grand,
For the touch of friendly hand,
cr We thank Thee, Lord.

sp 4 For the flowers around our feet,
For the loving hearts that beat,
cr And for all life's music sweet,
f We thank Thee, Lord.

William E. A. Axon.

Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant.— Psalm cxix. 65. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6. 828

sp 1 GIVE me, O Lord, a grateful heart,
So full of silent praise
cr That every comfort, every joy,
To Thee my soul may raise,
m And sweetly link with thoughts of Thee
All my remaining days.

mf 2 How much more precious are Thy gifts
From ocean, sky, or land,
By night or day, when thus we feel
They all are from Thy hand!
cr Yea, all, and always; be they great
m Or small as grains of sand.

mf 3 All beauteous sights that greet the eye,
And lovely sounds the ear;
The bounties of each varied clime
And season of the year;
All are but mirrors of Thy love
That make Thy presence clear.

p 4 The infant's smile, the maiden's love,
The faithfulness of friends;
All gentle deeds that bless the world,—
r A stream that never ends;
if This ceaseless stream, O gracious Lord,
From heaven Thy mercy sends.

mp 5 Each kindly thought, each glimpse of truth,
Each secret prayer that flies,
cr Each impulse of the higher life
That bids me heavenward rise ;
mf O Lord, Thou givest me all these,
And this sweet thought I'll prize.

f 6 But most of all I thank Thee, Lord,
For God-like liberty,
For sunshine of Thy holy faith,
For glow of charity.
cr And thus of all Thy gifts I'll sing
My Father gave them me.

John Bragg.

829

Every day will I bless Thee.—Psalm cxlv. 2. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

mf 1 CONSTANT as Thy mercies are,
So my praise shall constant be :
Lord ! it would my pleasures mar,
Did I not give thanks to Thee.
f Every day Thou blessest me,
Every day will I bless Thee.

mp 2 Every morn Thy gentle hand
Lifts the curtains of mine eyes ;
cr While the sun at Thy command
Bids me to new life arise.
f Every day, etc.

mf 3 Every hour Thy boundless mind
Holds me in its mighty thought :
dim And Thy heart, so true and kind,
Beats still for the soul it sought.
f Every day, etc.

mp 4 Every night Thou dost afford
Sleep and full security.
cr Thou dost never slumber, Lord;
But Thou thinkest still for me.
f Night and day Thou blessest me,
Day and night will I bless Thee.

F. Leonard, 1830-1867.

Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.—
Psalm lxxxi. 10. C. M. 830

mf 1 FILL Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
cr That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

mf 2 Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part:

mp 3 Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in;
cr Praise in each duty and each deed,
Thy strength and grace to win.

f 4 Fill every part of me with praise;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord,
lim Poor though I be and weak.

mf 5 So every hour of day or night
Devoted be to Thee;
cr And all my life, in every step,
Be strong, and pure, and free.

H. Bonar, 1808-1899

831

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion.—Zech. ix. 9. C. M.

f 1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven, and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and flocks, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

mf 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
cr He comes to make His blessings flow
Wherever need is found.

f 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

I. Watts, 1674-1748.

832

Evening, morning, and at noon, will I pray.—Psalm lv. 17. 8, 8, 8, 4.

mp 1 MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
dim As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

p 2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

mf 3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
cr With hopes of heaven.

mf 4 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
mp And e'en the penitential tear
cr Is wiped away.

mf 5 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear should be,
dim As thus my inmost soul to pour
p In prayer to Thee.

C. Elliott, 1789-1871.

He came down with them, and stood on a level place.—Luke vi. 17. L. M. 833

mf 1 NOT always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
mp The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

mf 2 Lord, it is good abiding here—
We cry, the heavenly Presence near;
p The vision vanishes, our eyes
dim Are lifted into vacant skies.

mf 3 Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
cr And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways.

f 4 Till all the lowly vale grows bright,
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

mf 5 The mount for vision, (*mp*) but below
The paths of daily duty go,
cr And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

F. L. Hosmer.

834

One generation shall praise Thy works to another.—Psalm cxlv. 4.

6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.

f 1 O PRAISE the Lord our God,
In clouds and darkness dwelling,
Yet Fount of shadeless light,
All light of earth excelling!
mf He guides us on to age
Through sunlit paths of youth;
He glads our longing eyes
With vision of the truth.

mp 2 That truth, O Lord, we seek,
In spirit meek and lowly:
To all who learn or teach
Give wisdom pure and holy.
p In solemn awe we bend,
All wandering round Thy throne,
cr And Thee, our Lord, our Life,
f Our Joy, our Gladness own.

mf 3 O Lord of truth and light,
All heaven and earth possessing,
Grant us Thy laws to know,
Our daily task-work blessing!
mp Teach us Thy love to see,
O'er earth and heaven outspread,
cr While wisdom, conquering fear,
With highest faith shall wed.

f 4 All praise and thanks to Thee,
Eternal Lord, be given,
For all Thy help on earth,
For all our hopes of heaven;
Thy name, the One, to Thee,
Through ages yet to come,
All saints and angels sing,
dim Their Light, their Peace, their Home!

E. H. Plumptre, 1821-1891.

Trust in the Lord and do good.—Psalm xxxvii. 3. 8, 8, 8, 4. 835

f 1 O THOU to whom our voices rise,
King of the earth, and air and skies,
For all the blessings that we prize,
We thank Thee, Lord!

mf 2 For work and rest, for home and friends,
For health and strength Thy mercy sends,
That we may serve the noblest ends,
We thank Thee, Lord!

mp 3 For idle word and trifling thought,
For selfish pleasure we have sought,
cr When all for Thee we should have wrought,
p Forgive us, Lord!

mf 4 From anger, pride, and selfish care,
From want of faith in work or prayer,
From sin that we would rashly dare,
p O save us, Lord!

f 5 We trust Thy wisdom, love and power:
When all is bright, (*dim*) when sorrows lower—
cr Through all our life, (*pp*) in death's last hour,
p Be with us, Lord!

Dendy Agate.

836

My praise shall be of Thee.—Psalm xxii. 25. C. M.

f 1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

mp 2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
cr A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

mf 3 O generous love! that He who smote
In man for man the foe,
mp The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

p 4 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
cr Should teach His brethren, and inspire
dim To suffer and to die.

f 5 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

J. H. Newman, 1801-1890.

That the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them.—John xvii. 26. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. **837**

mf 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
dim And ever sigh for Thy repose;
mp My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

mf 2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
mp Yet, while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
cr Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

mf 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
cr Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
f Then shall my heart from earth be free,
dim When it hath found repose in Thee.

p 4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
cr Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!
f To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

G. Tersteegen., 1697-1769,
Tr., J. Wesley, 1703-1791.

838

Ye in Me and I in you.—John. xiv. 20.
8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

mp 1 THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine;
cr My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if Thou art mine:
p And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
cr I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

f 2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
And lifts my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy and everlasting love;
mf To me, with Thy dear Name, are given
dim Pardon and holiness and heaven.

mf 3 Jesus, my All in all Thou art—
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
dim The medicine of my broken heart;
p In war my peace, in loss my gain:
cr My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory, and my crown.

mf 4 In want, my plentiful supply ;
In weakness, my Almighty power ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My light in Satan's darkest hour :
cr My help and stay, whene'er I call ;
f My life in death—my heaven, my all.

C. Wesley, 1707-1788.

Cease not to give thanks.—Eph. i. 16. L. M. 839

mf 1 THOU gracious God, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold,
As in the peaceful days of old.

2 Wilt thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?

mp 3 For all the blessings life has brought,
For all the sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved we weep,

4 The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres,

f 5 We thank Thee, Father : (*mf*) let Thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
m Thy peace be with us evermore.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809-1894.

840

Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive.—Psalm lxxxvi. 5. D. C. M.

mf 1 WE love Thee, Lord, (*mp*) yet not alone
because Thy bounteous hand
cr Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts on
ocean and on land;
f Because Thou bidd'st the sun go forth,
rejoicing in his might,
And kindle earth to glowing life and beauty
with his light.

mf 2 'Tis not alone because Thy names of Wisdom,
Power and Love
Are written on the earth beneath, the
glorious skies above;
cr For these, Thy gifts, we praise Thee, Lord;
yet not for these alone
The incense of Thy children's love arises to
Thy throne.

mp 3 We love Thee, Lord, because when we had
err'd and gone astray,
cr Thou didst recall our wandering souls into
the heavenward way;
p When helpless, hopeless, we were lost in sin
and sorrow's night,
cr Thou didst send forth a guiding ray of Thy
benignant light.

mf 4 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us with
everlasting love,
Because Thou didst redeem our souls that
we might live above:

mp Because, when we were heirs of sin, (*cr*) Thou
gav'st the hopes of heaven ;
p We love because we much have sinn'd, and
dim much have been forgiven.

J. A. Elliott, d. 1841.

The Lord is good to all.—Psalm cxlv. 9. L. M. **841**

f 1 OUR God is good : (*mf*) in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood
cr Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
f God made us all, and God is good.

mf 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, (*cr*) all seem to say
In accents clear, that God is good.

mf 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed
mp And balmy air, and falling rain,
dim Each softly whisper, (*p*) God is good.

f 4 Our God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued ;
cr And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

mf 5 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,
But chiefly for our heavenly food ;
cr Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening Word,
These prompt our song that God is good.

J. H. Gurney, 1802-1862.

842

Lift up the light of Thy countenance upon us.—Ps. iv. 6. C. M.

mf 1 O GOD, before Thy sun's bright beams
All night's dark shadows fly;
cr So on the soul Thy mercy gleams,
And doubts and terrors die.

mf 2 So freshly falls Thy heaven-sent grace
As morning's gladdening breath;
Gives light to all to seek Thy face,
And guides in life and death.

mp 3 O holy light, O light of God,
O light unseen below,
cr Which fills the courts of Thine abode,
Which there the blest shall know.

p 4 Swift comes the hour that ends our toil,
Short is the rugged way:
cr Teach us our lamps to fill with oil,
Whilst it is called to-day.

f 5 Then we shall see that glorious light
Which to the saints is given,
So sweet, so fair, so passing bright,
The eternal morn of heaven.

G. Phillimore, 1821-1844.

843

He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Spirit.—John xx. 22. 6, 5, 6, 5.

mf 1 JESUS, stand among us
In Thy risen power;
Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.

mp 2 Breathe Thy Holy Spirit
Into every heart;
cr Bid all fears and sorrows
From our souls depart.

f 3 Thus with quickened footsteps
We'll pursue our way,
cr Watching for the dawning
Of eternal day.

William Pennefather, 1816-1873.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous.—Psalm xxxii. 11. L. M. 844

mp 1 WHEN spring's soft breath, and softer showers,
New life infuse in birds and flowers,
cr This song, O Lord, shall then be ours—
mf This is Thy will, (*dim*) Thy will be done.

mf 2 When autumn cometh, golden crowned,
With treasures of the fruitful ground,
cr Bright, joyous, let the anthem sound,
It is Thy will, (*dim*) Thy will be done.

mf 3 When children's merry laugh and play
Make sweetest music through the day,
cr Most heartily we love to say
This is Thy will, (*dim*) Thy will be done.

mf 4 When friends are ours, and joys increase,
When sickness, want, and tumults cease,
dim This thought comes with divinest peace,
cr It is Thy will, (*p*) Thy will be done.

mf 5 O Father, in our hearts instil
Right thoughts of Thy joy-giving will;
cr All things for good are working still—
f Thy perfect will, (*p*) Thy will be done.

Anonymous.

845

I will praise Thee with my whole heart; I will show forth all Thy marvellous works.
—Psalm ix. 1. 7, 7, 7, 7.

mf 1 HEAVEN and earth, and sea and air,
Still their Maker's praise declare;
f Thou, my soul, as loudly sing,
To thy God thy praises bring.

mf 2 See the sun his power awakes,
As through clouds his glory breaks;
mp See the moon and stars of light
Praising God in stillest night.

mf 3 See how God this rolling globe
Swathes with beauty like a robe;
cr Forests, fields, each living thing,
All their Maker's glory sing.

mf 4 Through the air Thy praises meet
Birds are singing clear and sweet;
Fire, and storm, and wind, Thy will
As Thy ministers fulfil.

f 5 Ocean waves Thy glory tell,
At Thy touch they sink and swell;
mf From the well-spring to the sea,
Rivers murmur, Lord, of Thee.

mp 6 Ah! my God, what wonders lie
Hid in Thine infinity!
cr Stamp upon my inmost heart
What I am, and what Thou art.

J. Neander, 1640-1680.
Tr., J. D. Burns, 1823-1864.

The ways of the Lord are right.—Hos. xiv. 9. 8, 8, 8, 4. **846**

mp 1 O GOD, not only in distress,
In pain, and want, and weariness,
Thy tender Spirit stoops to bless,
cr Thy will is done:

pp 2 But oftener on the wings of peace,
And girt about with tenderness,
cr Thou comest, and all troubles cease,
Thy will is done.

mp 3 In all that Nature hath supplied,
In flowers along the country side,
mf In morning light, (*p*) in eventide,
cr Thy will is done.

mf 4 In youthful days, when joys increase,
In light, in hope, in happiness,
p In quiet times of trustful peace,
cr Thy will is done.

p 5 And when the burdened heart can bring
Its sorrow to Thy feet, and cling
cr Till hope surpasses sorrowing,
Thy will is done.

mf 6 Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just,
p And we, frail creatures of the dust,
Through good or ill, (*cr*) can only trust
mf Thy will is done.

F. Smith, 1849.

PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee.—Psalm xlii. 1. C. M. **847**

p 1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
cr So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

mf 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
dim My thirsty soul doth pine;
cr O, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine!

mp 3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
mf When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

p 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
cr Hope still, and thou shalt sing
f The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

Tate and Brady, 1659-1; 26.

848

Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.—Ps. xxiii. 6.

8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

mf 1 GO not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
dim But go not Thou away—
p And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

mp 2 On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress;
I will not ask for greater ease,
dim Lest I should love Thee less;
p O 'tis a blessèd thing for me
To need Thy tenderness!

mf 3 Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace;
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
dim And communes with Thee 'mid the storm
As in a secrèt place.

p 4 When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
cr Upon Thine everlasting strength
O then, Lord, let me stay,
f And the rough wind shall turn to song,
The darkness shine like day.

A. L. Waring, 1820.

Thou hast holden me by my right hand.—
Ps. lxxiii. 23. 11, 10, 11, 10. 849

p 1 HOLD Thou my hand! so weak I am, and helpless,
I dare not take one step without thy aid;
mp Hold Thou my hand! (*cr*) for then, O loving Saviour,
mf No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.

p 2 Hold Thou my hand! and closer, closer draw me
cr To Thy dear Self—my hope, my joy, my all;
mp Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander;
dim And, missing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.

p 3 Hold Thou my hand! (*pp*) the way is dark before me
cr Without the sunlight of Thy face divine;
mf But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
cr What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!

p 4 Hold Thou my hand! that when I reach the waters
dim Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me,
cr Thy heavenly light may help me in that hour,
f And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

Anonymous.

850

Abide in me, and I in you.—John xv. 4.
6, 4, 6, 4 (with refrain).

mf 1 I NEED Thee every hour, most gracious Lord:
dim No tender voice like Thine can peace afford.
p I need Thee, O, I need Thee; every hour I need Thee;
cr O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.

mf 2 I need Thee every hour; (*mp*) stay Thou near by:
cr Temptations lose their power when Thou art nigh.
p I need Thee, etc.

mf 3 I need thee every hour, in joy or pain;
dim Come quickly and abide, or life is vain.
p I need Thee, etc.

mf 4 I need Thee every hour; (*mp*) teach me Thy will;
cr And Thy rich promises in me fulfil.
p I need Thee, etc.

mf 5 I need Thee every hour, most gracious Lord:
dim No tender voice like Thine can peace afford.
p I need Thee, etc.

A. S. Hawks, 1835-1872.

Freely ye have received, freely give.—
Matt. x. 8. S. M. **851**

mp 1 I GIVE myself to prayer;
dim Lord, give Thyself to me,
cr And let the time of my request,
Thy time of answer be.

mp 2 My thoughts are like the reeds,
And tremble as they grow
dim In the sad current of a life
That darkly runs and slow.

p 3 I am as if asleep,
Yet conscious that I dream;
cr Like one who vainly strives to wake
And free himself, I seem.

mf 4 The loud distressful cry
With which I call on Thee
cr Shall wake me, Lord, to find that Thou
Canst give me liberty.

mp 5 I give myself to prayer:
dim Lord, give Thyself to me:
cr And in the time of my distress,
O haste and succour me!

mf 6 Then be my heart, my world,
Rehallowed unto Thee,
cr And Thy pervading glory, Lord,
O let me feel and see!

T. T. Lynch, 1818-1871.

852

God be merciful unto us and bless us.—
Psalm lxvii. 1. 8, 7, 8, 7, 3.

mf 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
That are scattering full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing:
dim Let some portion fall on me,
p Even me.

mp 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
cr In the multitude that throng Thee
dim Let Thy mercy light on me,
p Even me.

mp 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee;
cr I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, (*dim*) O call me,
p Even me.

mp 4 Long have I in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee,
And my heart the world is keeping;
dim O forgive and rescue me,
p Even me.

f 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Word of God, so rich and free;
cr Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
All be magnified in me,
dim Even me.

Elizabeth Codner, 1835.

The Son of man is come to save that which was lost.—Matt. xviii. 11. S. M. **853**

p 1 LORD Jesus, think on me,
And wash away my sin:
cr From earth-born passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

p 2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe oppressed;
cr Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

mf 3 Lord Jesus, think on me
Amid the battle's strife:
p In all my pain and misery,
cr Be Thou my health and life.

mp 4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray:
p Through darkness and perplexity
cr Point Thou the heavenly way.

mf 5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
When blows the tempest high;
cr When on doth rush the enemy,
dim O Saviour, be Thou nigh!

p 6 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That when the flood is past,
cr I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

Synesius, 400 A.D.; *Tr.*, *A. W. Chatfield.*

854

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever.—Ps. cvii. 1. 7, 7, 7, 7.

mf 1 THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
p If we live a life of prayer
cr God is present everywhere.

mp 2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
cr If we look to Him in prayer,
mf God is present everywhere.

p 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
cr 'Tis the time for earnest prayer:
mf God is present everywhere.

f 4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come, and wait:
cr He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

O. Holden, 1765-1844.

855

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1 Sam. vii. 12. 8, 8, 6: 8, 8, 6.

mf 1 HOW comforting it is to know
That in our gladness or our woe,
Whatever may betide,
f We have one firm unchanging Friend,
On whom we always may depend,
In whom we can confide.

mp 2 Not one so lowly or so mean,
Not one so vile hath ever been,
cr But that He loves them still;
p And none so lost in sin and shame,
But may His gentle friendship claim,
cr His promise to fulfil.

mp 3 He cheers the sad with words of peace;
From pain and suffering sends release;
dim And pities those that fall:
cr Is ever near to answer prayer,
And maketh each His constant care;
f His blessings come to all.

mp 4 He waits for no deserved reward,
Our loving, meek, forgiving Lord,
dim But patiently He stands;
pp And, spite of all our sinfulness,
cr He only seeks to heal and bless
With outstretched laden hands.

mp 5 In times of danger He is nigh;
Attends the faintest, feeblest cry,
And turns a willing ear.
mf Then who need ever be dismayed
When He extends His mighty aid?
f His presence casts out fear.

mf 6 O, perfect Love! (*mp*) And can it be
That I am cold and hard to Thee,
dim Nor listen to Thy voice?
p Jesus! Thy Spirit on me pour;
cr Oh let me love Thee more and more,
And make Thy will my choice.

Daisy Goold.

856 *Hearkening unto the voice of His Word.*

Psalm ciii. 20. 8, 8, 8, 2, 7.

f 1 LORD of might and Lord of glory,
dim Humbly do I bow before Thee:
cr With my whole heart I adore Thee,
f Great Lord:
p Listen to my cry, O Lord.

mf 2 Passions proud and fierce have ruled me,
dim Fancies light and vain have fooled me,
cr But Thy training stern has schooled me:
Now Lord,
dim Take me for Thy child, O Lord.

p 3 Groping dim and bending lowly,
Mortal vision catcheth slowly
cr Glimpses of the pure and holy:
Now Lord,
mf Open Thou mine eyes, (*dim*) O Lord.

mf 4 In the deed that no man knoweth,
Where no praiseful trumpet bloweth,
dim Where he may not reap who soweth:
mf There, Lord,
p Let my heart serve Thee, O Lord.

mf 5 In Thy name who, meek and lowly,
Lived to make poor sinners holy,
dim Stumbling oft, and creeping slowly:
f Great Lord,
cr Guide me by Thy truth, (*dim*) O Lord.

John Stuart Blackie, 1809-1895.

Speak; for Thy servant heareth.—1 Sam. iii. 10. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7. 857

mf 1 MASTER, speak, Thy servant heareth,
Longing for Thy gracious word,
cr Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard:
p I am listening now for Thee;
What hast Thou to say to me?

mp 2 Often through my heart is sounding
Many another voice than Thine;
cr And their echo comes resounding
From the walls of this Thy shrine.
mp Let Thy longed-for accents fall;
dim Master, speak, and silence all.

mf 3 Master, speak, I do not doubt Thee,
dim Though so tearfully I plead;
f Saviour, Shepherd, oh, (*dim*) without Thee
Life would be a blank indeed.
cr But I long for fuller light,
Deeper love, and clearer sight.

mf 4 Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
cr Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free;
f Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the rock.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-1879.

858 *Christ is all, and in all.*—Col. iii. 11. S. M.

f 1 O EVERLASTING Light,
Shine graciously within;
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
dim O take away my sin.

f 2 O Everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide of erring age or youth,
dim Lead me, and teach me too.

mf 3 O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way:
cr Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy and light and day.

mf 4 O Everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace:
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

mp 5 O Everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care;
cr Relieve, revive this burthened breast,
dim And every sorrow bear.

f 6 Thou art in heaven our all,
Our all on earth art Thou;
Upon Thy glorious Name we call,
dim Lord Jesus, bless us now.

H. Bonar, 1808-1889.

Send out Thy light and Thy truth: let them lead me.—Psalm xliii. 3. S. M. 859

mf 1 SEND down Thy truth, O God!
mp Too long the shadows frown,
Too long the darkened way we've trod:
cr Thy truth, O Lord, send down!

mf 2 Send down Thy Spirit free,
cr Till wilderness and town
One temple for Thy worship be:
dim Thy Spirit, O send down!

mf 3 Send down Thy love, Thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife:
cr Thy living life send down!

p 4 Send down Thy peace, O Lord!
cr Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
pp Thy peace, O God, send down!

E. R. Sill.

That we should be to the praise of His glory.—Eph. i. 12. 10, 10, 10, 10. 860

mf 1 TEACH me to live! (*mp*) 'Tis easier far to die—
dim Gently and silently to pass away
p On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
cr And waken in the glorious realms of day.

mf 2 Teach me that harder lesson (*mp*) how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
cr Arm me for conflict new, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

mf 3 Teach me to live for self and sin no more,
But use the time remaining to me yet;
mp Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

mf 4 Teach me to live! no idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ;
cr Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

mf 5 Teach me to live! with kindly words for all,
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom,
p Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call
cr Summons my spirit to its heavenly home.

Ellen E. Burman, 1837-1861.

861

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.—Isa. lv. 1. 7, 7, 7, 7.

mf 1 THIRSTING for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

f 2 Glorious hopes our spirits fill,
When we feel that Thou art near;
mp Father! then our fears are still,
cr Then the soul's bright end is clear.

mf 3 Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown;
mp Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
cr For the spirit's starry crown.

p 4 Make us beautiful within
By Thy Spirit's holy light:
dim Guard us when our faith burns dim,
cr Father of all love and might!

F. P. Appleton, 1822-1903.

Where two or three are gathered in My name, there am I in the midst of them. —Matt. xviii. 20. 862

7, 7, 7, 5.

mf 1 WHERESOEVER two or three
Meet, a Christian company,
Grant us, Lord, to meet with Thee;
p Gracious Saviour, hear.

mp 2 When, with friends beloved, we stray,
Talking, at the closing day,
cr Saviour, meet us in the way,
p Gracious Saviour, hear.

pp 3 When amid the gloom of night,
cr Storms arise, and perils fright,
mf Let Thy voice our hearts delight,
p Gracious Saviour, hear.

mf 4 In the festive hour, refine
Earthly love to joys divine,
cr Turn the water into wine;
p Gracious Saviour, hear.

p 5 In the time of lonely grief,
cr Let Thy presence bring relief,
m Then shall longest nights grow brief;
p Gracious Saviour, hear.

pp 6 When the world and life recede,
Saviour, in our hour of need,
cr Then be visible indeed;
p Gracious Saviour, hear.

J. Conder, 1789-1855.

863

He will beautify the meek with salvation. —Psalm cxlix. 4. 8, 8, 6 : 8, 8, 6.

mf 1 LORD! Thou hast promised in Thy Word
That if we pray we shall be heard
And answered by Thy Love.
There are so many things I need!
Oh, hear me when I humbly plead
For blessings from above!

p 2 Oh, give me patience, Lord, to bear
The cross that falleth to my share,
The troubles that beset.
cr For every wounding briar and thorn
Thou knowest well; (*p*) Thou too wast torn—
dim This let me ne'er forget.

mp 3 And I would pray for self-control
When tempted in my faltering soul,
When evil thoughts allure.
cr Oh, cleanse thou me from secret sin,
Let me be chaste without, within,
dim Oh, Jesus, make me pure.

mp 4 Plant humbleness within my heart,
Then shall I never feel the smart
Of wounded self-conceit.
Oh, give Thy lowliness to me,
And be my attitude to Thee
Like Mary's—at Thy feet.

f 5 Make me more brave in life's hard fight---
More earnest to uphold the right,
And to oppose the wrong.
mp So often I forget my crown,
And would my weapons fain lay down—
cr Lord Jesus! make me strong.

pp 6 When plunged in gloom and deep despair
I feel oppression everywhere,
And stubborn is my state,
cr Then give me faith to lean on Thee,
Just trusting where I cannot see;
mf Lord! give me grace to wait.

Daisy Goold.

O God of our salvation, Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the seas.—
Psalm lxv. 5.

864

8, 5, 8, 3.

mp 1 LOVING Father, in Thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer,
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,
'Neath Thy care.

mf 2 Gracious Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
lim Keep, oh, keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

p 3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
dim In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

f 4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee,
Day by day.

mf 5 Wisest Master, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
cr Send Thy grace that they may conquer
In the strife.

mf 6 Thou hast promised to be with them
Wheresoe'er they be;
cr Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
dim Near to Thee.

Isabel S. Stephenson.

REFORMATION AND REGENERATION.

TEMPTATION.

There arose a great tempest in the sea.
—Matt. viii. 24. D. C. M. **865**

mf 1 DEAR Saviour, stretch Thy loving arms
Above the stormy sea,
cr Where, tossed 'mid dark and angry waves,
dim The sailor calls to Thee.
f Upon that fierce and angry main
My poor weak bark doth ride,
mf Oh, what am I, 'mid such strong foes,
Without Thee by my side?

mp 2 O, as Thou didst on Galilee
The waters calm at will,
cr When surging waves, by tempest raised,
The sinking ship did fill:
f So now in my storm-shaken soul
Awake with strength Divine,
p And whisper "peace" to warring winds,
cr And let Thy glory shine.

mf 3 Be Thou my Pilot through the mists
And storms that darkly rise,
dim As o'er life's dark and dangerous sea
My frail bark lightly flies.

mf With Thee my soul securely rests,
From evil's blight restored;
And isles of green, and fragrant seas,
dim Bring peace and sweet reward.

mf 4 No hand but Thine can safely guide
The wearied mariner;
mp No love but Thine can solace bring,
dim O Christ, dear Comforter.
mf Now trusting in Thy tender care
We fear no dark unrest,
Life's storms are passed; (*mp*) our troubled souls
dim Lie pillowed on Thy breast.

Clifford Smyth.

866

Deliver us, and purge away our sins.—Ps. lxxix. 9. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 4.

f 1 FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars laboured heavily;
Foam glimmered white;
p Trembled the mariners;
Peril was nigh;
f Then said the mighty God,
p Peace: it is I.

mf 2 Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest:
dim Wail of the moaning wind,
Be thou at rest.
cr Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
mf Where saith the Light of Light,
p Peace: it is I.

f 3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me,
dim Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
mp Thou, when the storm of death
cr Roves sweeping by,
dim Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
pp Peace: it is I.

Anatolius, 8th century.

THE SPIRITUAL JOURNEY.

In my Father's house are many mansions.
—John xiv. 2. L. M. 867

mp 1 AS, when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
cr His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still:

mf 2 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
cr The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his feet to reach the prize.

mf 3 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trials fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

f 4 Jesus, on Thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labours of the road.

J. Newton, 1725-1807.

868

Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.—Ex. xiv. 15. 6, 5 (12 lines).

mf 1 FORWARD! be our watchword;
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
f Forward, through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Canaan lies before us,
Sion beams with light.

mf 2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
cr Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
mp Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray,
dim Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they seek for day.
f Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night,
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

f 3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
mf Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
f Forward, ever forward.
Clad in armour bright.
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

mf 4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth,
That fair home is ours;
cr Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.
f Thither, onward, thither,
In the Spirit's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

H. Alford, 1810-1871.

There remaineth a rest to the people of God.
—Heb. iv. 9. 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7. **869**

mf 1 HEAVENWARD still our pathway tends,
dim Here on earth we are but strangers;
cr Till our road in Canaan ends,
Safely passed this wild of dangers,
mp Pilgrims we, a scattered band,
Seek above our fatherland.

mf 2 Heavenward still! (*mp*) God's volume blest,
Thus, throughout its sacred pages,
cr Calls me on, and speaks of rest,
dim Rest with Him through endless ages;
p While my heart that call attends,
cr Still to heaven my path ascends.

mf 3 Heavenward still my thoughts arise,
When His festal board invites me;
cr Then my spirit upward flies,
Foretaste then of heaven delights me:
mp When on earth this food has ceased,
cr Come the Lamb's own marriage-feast.

mf 4 Heavenward still, (*p*) when life shall close,
cr Death to my true home shall guide me;
f There, triumphant o'er my woes,
Lasting bliss shall God provide me;
He Himself the way has led,
Joyful in His steps I tread.

f 5 Still then heavenward! heavenward still!
That shall be my watchword ever!
Joys of heaven my heart shall fill,
Chasing joys that filled it never;
cr Heavenward still my thought shall rise,
Till I win the heavenly prize.

B. Schmolke, 1672-1737.
Tr., F. E. Cox, P. 1841.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing.—Ps. cxxvi. 6.

870

7, 6, 7, 6.

mf 1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
cr With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your head!

mf 2 O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men;
O happy, (*dim*) if ye suffer
As Jesus suffered then.

mp 3 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

cr 4 What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
mf What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven, on earth?

p 5 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried it for you;
f The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

mf 6 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
cr Shall win you such a prize!

St. Joseph, Tr., J. M. Neale, 1818-1866.

871

One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.—Matt. xxiii. 8.

8, 7, 8, 7.

mf 1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

3 One the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
cr Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

mf 4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith that never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

f 6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the bright eternal shore,
cr Where the one almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

B. S. Ingemann, 1789-1862.
Tr., S. Baring-Gould, 1834.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Be thou valiant for me, and fight the Lord's battles.—1 Sam. xviii. 17. 872

6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.

p 1 CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
cr How the troops of Midian
Press thee all around?
ff Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them as thou bearest
dim Day by day thy cross.

p 2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
cr Ever striving, tempting
Thy true life within?
f Christian, never tremble,
Never be down-cast;
Smite them by the virtue
dim Of temptations past.

p 3 Christian dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
cr Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?
ff Christian, answer boldly,
While I breathe I pray;
p Peace shall follow battle,
cr Night shall end in day.

mf 4 Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
mp Thou art very weary,—
dim I was weary too;
f But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
cr And the end of sorrow
ff Shall be near My throne.

J. M. Neale, 1818-1866.

873

Stand fast and prepare thee.—Jer. xlvi. 14. 6, 5 (12 lines).

mf 1 WHO is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers, other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side? who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side? who for Him will go?
mp By Thy call of mercy,
cr By Thy grace divine,
f We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

mf 2 Not for weight of glory, nor for crown and palm,
Enter we the army, raise the warrior psalm;
p But for love that claimeth lives for whom He died,
cr He whom Jesus nameth must be on His side.
mp By Thy love constraining,
cr By Thy grace divine,
f We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

mf 3 Fierce may be the conflict, strong may be the foe,
cr But the King's own army none can overthrow.
f Round His standard ranging, victory is secure!
For His truth unchanging makes the triumph sure.
mf Joyfully enlisting,
By Thy grace divine,
f We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

mf 4 Chosen to be soldiers in an alien land,
Chosen, callèd, faithful, for our Captain's band;
In the service royal let us not grow cold:
Let us be right loyal, noble, true, and bold.
mp Master, Thou wilt keep us,
cr By Thy grace divine,
f Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine.

F. R. Havergal, 1836-1879.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Serve Him with all your heart and with all your soul.—Joshua xxii. 5. 874

8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

mp 1 DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
cr For even I in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfill;
lim And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

mf 2 How many serve, how many more
May to Thy service come,
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some;
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
dim Thy little ones at home.

mf 3 All works are good, and each is best,
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases, when the rest
He serves in charity;
cr And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.

T. T. Lynch, 1818-1871.

875

Now no chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness.—Heb. xii. 11. 8, 7, 8, 7.

mp 1 NOW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard, and waiting long;
cr Afterward, the golden reaping,
mf Harvest-home and grateful song.

p 2 Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;
cr Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

mp 3 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
cr Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

mf 4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
dim Wounded heart, unequal strife;
cr Afterward, the triumph given,
f And the victor's crown of life.

mf 5 Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
cr Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter Thou."

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-1879.

I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me.
—Ps. xxiii. 4. 8, 7, 8, 7. **876**

mf 1 BE not anxious for the morrow;
Drive thy sadness far away:
Why a future trouble borrow,
When thy strength is as thy day?

p 2 Cast upon the Lord Thy burden;
cr He will all thy wants supply:
He will keep thee, and will guide thee,
As the apple of His eye.

mp 3 Ere to light of day thou camest,
He thy every want foreknew:
cr He'll not leave thee, nor forsake thee:
He is kind and ever true.

mf 4 Drive away, then, anxious spirits,
lim Seek the Lord in humble prayer;
cr He will send to thee His angels,
Who thy heart will upward bear.

O. Prescott Hiller.

877

No man can serve two masters.—Matt. vi. 24.
L. M.

mp 1 O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret: help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

mf 2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
dim Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

mp 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
cr In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

f 4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
mp In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

Washington Gladden.

878

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. xi. 28. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

mf 1 I COME to Thee, O Jesus,
Thou art my constant guide;
From folly, sin, and danger
Thou call'st me to Thy side:
f With Thee, O Lord, is safety,
From evil's wild alarm,
dim In hope, and trust and pity,
p In life serene and calm.

mf 2 I come to Thee, O Jesus,
That I may dwell in Thee;
cr For in Thy Word most holy,
The promise is for me,
f That all who trust Thy power
Shall never lose their way,
But find in Thee their shelter,
dim Their peace from day to day.

mf 3 I come to Thee, O Jesus,
When joy is sweet and pure;
Thine all-abounding mercies
Make all my life more sure.
f Faith that is strong and noble,
Love that is clean and free,
mp The meek and guileless spirit
cr Are gifts, O Lord, from Thee.

J. T. Freeth.

What I tell you, speak ye in light.—Matt. x. 27. D. C. M. 879

f 1 O LORD of life, and love, and power,
How joyful life might be
If in Thy service every hour
We lived and moved with Thee;
If youth in all its bloom and might
By Thee were sanctified,
And manhood found its chief delight
In working at Thy side!

mf 2 'Tis ne'er too late, while life shall last,
A new life to begin;
'Tis ne'er too late to leave the past,
And break with self and sin;

mp And we this day, both old and young,
Would earnestly aspire
cr For hearts to nobler purpose strung,
And purified desire.

mf 3 Not for ourselves alone we plead,
But for all faithful souls
Who serve Thy cause by word or deed,
Whose names Thy Book enrols:
cr O speed Thy work, victorious King,
And give Thy workers might,
f That through the world Thy truth may ring,
And all men see Thy light.

Ella S. Armitage, 1840.

880

Thou canst make me clean.—Mark i. 40.

11, 10, 11, 10.

mp 1 FATHER, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
cr O give us, Lord, such holy thought and feeling,
f That we may live to glorify Thy name.

mf 2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
dim Walk humbly, gently, (*p*) leaning on Thee still.

mf 3 Let all this mercy on our hearts be sealèd,
Let all this goodness by our minds be seen;
cr O speak the word, Thy servants shall be healèd,
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make us clean.

J. Freeman Clarke, 1810-1888.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.—Psalm cxxi. 1. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8. 881

mf 1 I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again:
cr The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

mp 2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
dim I sink beside the road;
cr But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

mp 3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
cr Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
mf Thy Presence fills my solitude;
Thy Providence turns all to good.

mp 4 Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand;
cr Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
mf Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
cr And turn'st my mourning into praise.

S. Longfellow, 1819-1892.

882

Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of.—Matt. vi. 8. C. M.

mf 1 O LOVE Divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best,
dim Fain would I come and rest to-night
Upon Thy tender breast.

mp 2 I pray Thee, turn me not away:
dim For sinful though I be,
cr Thou knowest everything I need,
And all my need of Thee.

mp 3 And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, (*p*) Wherefore should I pray
That Thou shouldst seek me with Thy love,
cr Since Thou dost seek alway?

mf 4 Thou dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to Thee;
cr But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.

mf 5 And Thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.

mf 6 And so, for all my sighs, my heart
dim Doth sing itself to rest,
O Love Divine, most far and near,
p Upon Thy tender breast.

J. W. Chadwick.

Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.—
Psalm cxix. 117. C. M. 883

mp 1 TAKE Thou the heart I fain would give;
Take that which is Thine own.
cr To give, to take, to will, to do,
Is Thine, and Thine alone.

mf 2 Yet leaning on th' upholding arm,
I trust, but cannot see;
p Help me, as of myself, to stretch
My helpless hands to Thee.

mf 3 And when Thou hast received Thine own,
Oh, keep it, Lord, I pray;
And save me from the wayward will
That seeks a wider way.

mp 4 And if, before an adverse wind
Between the cloud and sea,
dim I, at the bidding of my heart,
Am drifting far from Thee;

mf 5 Light of all tempted souls, (*mp*) be mine
Till sea and desert passed,
cr Safe in Thy circling love I find
f My anchorage at last.

Mary A. Lathbury, 1841.

884

God be merciful unto us and bless us.—Psalm lxvii. 1. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

mf 1 OFT when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task,
Involving care and strife:
p Is this the boon for which we sought?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought?

mf 2 This is indeed the boon,
Though strange to us it seems;
cr We pierce the rock, and soon
The blessing on us streams:
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.

mp 3 We toil as in a field
Wherein, to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed,
Which may be all our own:
cr And shall we of the toil complain,
That speedily will bring such gain?

f 4 We dig the wells of life,
And God the water gives;
We win our way by strife,
Then He within us lives:
mf And only war could make us meet
dim For peace so sacred and so sweet.

T. T. Lynch, 1818-1871.

One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.—Matt. xxiii. 8. D. C. M. **885**

mf 1 O GOLDEN day! so long desired,
Born of a darksome night,
Now shall the waiting earth be fired
With thy resplendent light;
cr Soon shall resound the joyous word
O'er hill and vale and sea,
f One Master, Christ: one Sovereign Lord,
And brethren all are we.

mf 2 Soon shall the night of darkness cease,
Its storms no longer roar;
The threatening foes of God's own peace
Shall vex His world no more;
f Ten thousand thousand hearts shall sing
The surging harmony,
ff One Master, Christ; one Saviour King,
And brethren all are we.

f 3 Sing on, ye chorus of the morn,
Lift high the glad refrain,
Till o'er the distant isles is borne
The sweet triumphant strain;
cr Till every race, with ransomed powers,
In loving loyalty
Shall sing, (*ff*) One Master, Christ, is ours,
And brethren all are we.

mf 4 O golden day! the ages' crown,
Alight with heavenly love,
cr Glad day of promise and renown,
On to thy triumph move;

f When all the world with one accord,
In full-voiced unity,
Shall sing, (*ff*) One Master, Christ, our Lord,
And brethren all are we.

C. A. Dickenson.

886

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.—Psalm lxxxiv. 2.

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

mf 1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
p Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe:
cr Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
f For Thy fulness, God of grace.

mf 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thine altars, O Most High;
Happier souls (*dim*) that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast;
p Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
cr They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

mf 3 Happy souls, their praises flow
In this vale of sin and woe;
cr Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;

f On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
p At Thy feet adoring fall,
cr Who hast led them safe through all.

mp 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
mf Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
f Grace and glory flow from Thee:
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

H. F. Lyte, 1793-1847.

Surely the Lord is in this place.—Gen. xxviii. 16. L. M. **887**

mp 1 SAY not that we from Heaven are far,
When holy thoughts thereto may run,
And every breath of faithful prayer
cr Brings answer ere our words are done.

p 2 Say not that life is dark or lone—
That here unseen, unheard, we lie,
cr When, stooping from His glorious Throne,
The Eternal hears our meanest cry.

mf 3 Say rather, God and Heaven are near,
And we, by golden links of prayer,
Are bound, with every human fear,
To Him, the highest, holiest there.

mf 4 Pray we for all, (*dim*) yet most for those
Who tread with tears the heavenward way,
mp And, all their path beset with foes,
dim Fall backward oft and oft astray.

p 5 In hours of pain, when faith is low,
And thick the clouds of dark despair;
cr For such 'tis wondrous joy to know
That others plead for them in prayer.

mf 6 For them unwearied watch and wait,
With yearning word and suppliant eye,
cr Before the ever-open gate
Of God's unmeasured charity.

G. Milner, 1829.

888

If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross.—Matt. xvi. 24. L. M.

mp 1 TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
dim Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

mp 2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
cr His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

mf 3 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
cr And lead to victory o'er the grave.

mp 4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
dim Nor think till death to lay it down;
cr For only he who bears the cross
f May hope to win the glorious crown.

C. W. Everest, 1814-1877.

Speak ye every man truth to his neighbour.
—Zech. viii. 16. 7, 6, 7, 6. 889

f 1 THE light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day.

mf 2 So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er life as free,
And fill all human spirits
As waters fill the sea.

3 Our souls can shed a glory
On every work well done;
For even things most lowly
Are radiant in the sun.

mp 4 Then let each waiting spirit
Enjoy the vision bright;
cr And spread the truth of heaven
Wide as the heaven's own light.

mf 5 Till earth becomes God's temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service
Each happy in his part.

f 6 And God shall be our Master,
And all His service own,
And men shall be as brothers,
And heaven on earth be won!

J. Gostick, 1887.

890

In the shadow of His hand hath He hid me.
Isa. xlix. 2. 9, 6, 9, 6, 9, 6, 9, 6.

mf 1 THE voice of God's creation found me
Perplex'd midst hope and fear,
For though His sunshine flashed around me,
dim His storms at times drew near:
mf Oh! that I knew where He abideth!
For doubts beset our lot,
dim And lo! His glorious face He hideth,
p And men perceive it not!

mf 2 The voice of God's protection told me
He loveth all He made;
I seemed to feel His arms enfold me,
p And yet was half afraid:
mf Oh! that I knew where I might find Him!
His eye would guide me right:
He leaveth countless tracks behind Him,
dim Yet passeth out of sight.

mf 3 The voice of conscience sounded nearer,
It stirred my inmost breast;
But though its tones were firmer, clearer,
dim 'Twas not the voice of rest:
mp For though I know that He forgiveth,
My soul is faint within,
p Because in grievous fear it liveth
Of wages due to sin.

mf 4 It was the voice of revelation
That met my utmost need;
cr The wondrous message of salvation
Was joy and peace indeed:
f Oh! how I love the sacred pages
From which such tidings flow,
As monarchs, patriarchs, poets, sages,
dim Have longed in vain to know!

f 5 For now is life a lucid story,
dim And death a rest in Him;
cr And all is bathed in light and glory,
That once was dark or dim:
mf O Thou who dost my soul deliver,
And all its hopes uplift;
f Give me a tongue to praise the Giver,
A heart to prize the gift.

H. Twells, 1823-1900.

Let him that heareth say, Come.—Rev. xxii. 17. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. **891**

mf 1 YE who hear the blessèd call
Of the Spirit and the Bride:
Hear the Master's word to all,
Your commission and your guide—
And let him that heareth say,
Come, to all yet far away.

2 Come! alike to age and youth,
Tell them of our Lord above,
cr Of His beauty and His truth,
Preciousness and grace and love.
Tell them what you know is true,
Tell them what He is to you.

mf 3 Come! to those who, while they hear,
Linger, hardly knowing why;
cr Tell them that the Lord is near,
Tell them Jesus passes by.
Call them now; O! do not wait,
dim Lest to-morrow be too late.

mf 4 Brothers, sisters, do not wait,
Speak for Him who speaks to you!
Wherefore should you hesitate?
This is no great thing to do.
Jesus only bids you say,
Come! and will you not obey?

mp 5 Lord! to Thy command we bow,
Touch our lips with altar-fire;
cr Let Thy Spirit kindle now
Faith and zeal and strong desire;
f So that henceforth we may be
Fellow-workers, Lord, with Thee!

F. R. Havergal, 1836-1879.

892 *The morning cometh.*—Isa. xxi. 12. C. M.

mp 1 THY kingdom come—on bended knee
The passing ages pray;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.

p 2 But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong,
cr And for the everlasting Right
The silent stars are strong.

mf 3 And lo! already on the hills
The rays of dawn appear;
cr Gird up your loins, ye waiting souls,
Proclaim the day is near:

f 4 The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be clothed with might,
And every hurt be healed:

5 When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad,—
cr The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

F. L. Hosmer.

Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.—John xx. 29. 893

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

mp 1 WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despisèd Nazareth;
f But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, as Son of God.

mf 2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
dim Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
p Forgive, they know not what they do;
mf Yet we believe the deed was done,
dim Which shook the earth, and veiled the sun.

mp 3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
cr Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
f But we believe that angels said,
Why seek the living with the dead?

J. H. Gurney, 1802-1862.

VIRTUES AND GRACES.

Blessed are the poor in spirit.—Matt. v. 3. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. **894**

mf 1 THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest:—
mp In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

mf 2 When Mary chose the better part,
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently-opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet:—
mp Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

f 3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
dim In deepest adoration bends;
mf The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends:—
p Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

J. Montgomery, 1777-1854.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

895

I heard a great voice of much people, saying, Alleluia.—Rev. xix. 1. 10, 10, 10, 4.

mf 1 FOR all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confest,
f Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.
Alleluia!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear, their one true light.
Alleluia!

mf 3 Oh! may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
cr And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
f Alleluia!

mp 4 Oh, blest communion! Fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle; (*cr*) they in glory shine!
mf Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
f Alleluia!

mp 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
cr Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
f And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

mf 6 The golden evening brightens in the west:
dim Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest:
p Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
cr Alleluia!

W. W. How, 1823-1897.

896

Lord, I believe.—Mark ix. 24. C. M.

mp 1 I LONG for household voices gone
For vanished smiles I long;
cr But God hath led my dear ones on
And He can do no wrong.

mf 2 I know not what the future hath
Or marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

mp 3 And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
cr The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

p 4 And so beside the silent sea
dim I wait the muffled oar;
mf No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

mp 5 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
cr I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

J. G. Whittier, 1807-1892.

897

Make Thy way straight before my face.—Psalm v. 8. Irregular.

mp 1 SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
cr And may there be no moaning of the bar
dim When I put out to sea,
p But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
cr When that which drew from out the boundless deep
dim Turns again home.

p 2 Twilight and evening bell,
dim And after that the dark!
mp And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark:
cr For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
f I hope to see my Pilot face to face
dim When I have crost the bar.

Alfred Tennyson, 1809-1892.

In My Father's house are many mansions.—
John xiv. 2. 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6. **898**

mf 1 O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blessed?
f Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
dim In God's most holy sight!

mf 2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
p The world is growing old;
cr Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
f Where loyal hearts, etc.

mf 3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I long to sin no more;
I long to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore.
f Where loyal hearts, etc.

mf 4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.
f Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
p O keep me in Thy love,
cr And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.
f Where loyal hearts, etc.

F. W. Faber, 1814-1863.

899

My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—John xiv. 27.

10, 10.

mp 1 PEACE, perfect peace, (*cr*) in this dark world of sin?
p The love of Jesus whispers (*pp*) peace within.

mp 2 Peace, perfect peace, (*cr*) by thronging duties pressed?
mf To do the will of Jesus, (*dim*) this is rest.

mp 3 Peace, perfect peace, (*cr*) with sorrows surging round?
p On Jesus' bosom (*dim*) nought but peace is found.

mp 4 Peace, perfect peace, (*dim*) with loved ones far away?
cr In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

mp 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
f Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

p 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
f Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

mf 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
dim And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Bishop Bickersteth, 1825-1906.

And they sung as it were a new song before the throne.—Rev. xiv. 3.

7, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6.

900

f 1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
mf 'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
f Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumphs nigh!
O day, for which Creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all our former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

mf 3 O then what raptured greetings
On heaven's eternal shore;
Where parted friends shall meet again,
Where partings are no more!
f Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
dim That brimmed with tears of late
cr Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

H. Alford, 1810-1871.

901

They shall see His face, and His name shall be on their foreheads.—Rev. xxii. 4.

L. M.

mf 1 THOUGH home be dear, and life be sweet,
And thankful hearts God's bounty greet,
Yet rings at times the message clear,
Our souls' true city is not here.

2 'Mid changing scenes of joy and pain,
There comes again and yet again,
A vision of the changeless rest,
Where God's own face shall make us blest.

3 And through the web of earthly life,
Its grief and gladness, work and strife,
There runs a thread divine, to tie
Our Time-life to the life on high.

mp 4 O help us, Lord, with thankful heart,
To grasp each day's eternal part,
cr And build our home on that calm height,
Where saints do walk with Thee in light.

Ella. S. Armitage, 1840.

902

Who are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence come they?—Rev. vii. 13.

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

mf 1 WHO are these, like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing—
Who are all this glorious band?
f Alleluia! hark they sing,
cr Praising loud their heavenly King!

mf 2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand—
Whence comes all this glorious band?

f 3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
cr These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

mp 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
cr With the God they glorified;
f Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

mf 5 These like priests have watched and waited,
Offering up to Him their will,
Soul and body consecrated
Day and night to serve Him still:
f Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.

H. T. Schenck, 1727.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

CHRISTMAS.

903

I am the light of the world.—John viii. 12.
8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

mf 1 LIGHT of life, the great Messiah,
Promised Day-spring from on high,
Deign to visit waiting mortals
From Thy state above the sky.
God Incarnate, veil Thy splendour,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Make in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

mp 2 Shepherds, did you learn His coming,
While you kept your flocks by night?
cr Did you see His star in heaven
Blaze with new created light?
mf Haste ye, Magi, (*p*) come and worship,
See the orient star before;
cr Bring your presents, gold and spices,
Blest Arabia's balmy store.

f 3 All ye joyous hosts of heaven,
Loudly speak your Saviour's praise;
Saints and angels in full chorus,
Your seraphic voices raise;

ff Alleluia, Alleluia,
In wide-echoing songs proclaim ;
Heaven and earth with joy resounding,
Praise the blest Redeemer's name.

Anonymous.

And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah.—Matt. ii. 6. 904

8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6.

mp 1 O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie !
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent hours go by.
cr Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The Everlasting Light ;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

mf 2 For Christ is born of Mary :
And, gathered all above,
dim While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
f O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
dim And peace to men on earth.

p 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given !
cr So God imparts to human hearts
The blessing of His Heaven.

mp No ear may hear His coming;
But in the world of sin,
cr Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

p 4 O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
cr Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
mf We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893.

905

They presented unto Him gifts.—Matt. ii. 11. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

mf 1 O'ER Bethlehem's hill, in time of old,
Came wise men from afar,
Bringing their costly gifts of gold,
For they had seen His star;
In princely pomp, with presents meet,
dim They came to worship at His feet.

mp 2 The silvery lamp through all the night
Led on their eager way,
Until upon His lowly home
Was shed its gentle ray;
mf And there they found the infant King,
dim And on the ground fell worshipping.

mp 3 So, gracious Spirit, by Thy light
Shine Thou upon our way,
cr To guide our feet to Christ the Lord,
Who would our homage pay;
mf For He who is the children's King
Will not disdain what children bring.

mp 4 Not as wise men, in princely robes,
With offerings rich and rare:
dim We come with empty hands, O Lord,
Burdened with sin and care,—
p With hands that wrought Thy misery:
cr And yet Thou bid'st us come to Thee.

mf 5 For gifts: we give ourselves to Thee,
cr Our hearts shall be Thy throne;
For gold: we give Thee all our love,
O make it all Thine own!
f As incense sweet Thy praise we sing,
And bless Thy name, our Saviour King.

Mark Guy Pearse.

They presented unto Him gifts: gold and frankincense and myrrh.—Matt. ii. 11. 906

7's (12 lines).

f 1 RING the bells, the Christmas bells;
Chime out the wondrous story!
First in song on angel tongues
It came from realms of glory,—
p Peace on earth, good-will to men,
Angelic voices ringing;
cr Christ the Lord to earth has come,
His glorious message bringing.

f Ring the merry Christmas bells:
Chime out the wondrous story:
cr Glory be to God on high;
For evermore be glory!

mf 2 Wise men hastened from the East,
To bring their richest treasure—
Gold, and myrrh, and frankincense,
And homage without measure.
dim Him they sought, although a King,
They found in birthplace lowly:
p There within a manger lay
The Babe so pure and holy.
f Ring the merry Christmas bells, etc.

mf 3 Earthly crowns were not for Him:
He came His love revealing;
dim In the guise of lowly life
p Glory divine concealing.
f 'Tis the Saviour promised long;
Ring out your loudest praises!
cr Every heart this happy day
Its grateful anthems raises.
f Ring the merry Christmas bells, etc.

Agnes Burney.

907

On earth peace, good-will towards men.—Luke ii. 14. Irregular.

mf 1 IN the field with their flocks abiding,
They lay on the dewy ground,
And, glimmering under the starlight
The sheep lay white around;

f When the light of the Lord streamed o'er them,
And lo! from the heaven above
The angels appeared in glory,
And sang their song of love.

mf They sang, that first sweet Christmas,
The song that never shall cease,—
f Glory to God in the highest,
dim On earth good-will and peace:

mf 2 To you in the city of David
A Saviour is born to-day!
cr And sudden a host of the heavenly ones
Flashed forth to join the lay.
mp O never hath sweeter message
Thrilled home to the souls of men;
cr And the heavens themselves had never heard
More joyful songs till then:

mf For they sang that Christmas carol
That never on earth shall cease,—
f Glory to God in the highest,
dim On earth good-will and peace!

mp 3 And the shepherds came to the manger,
And gazed on the holy Child;
And calmly o'er that rude cradle
The virgin mother smiled;
p And the sky, in the starlit silence,
cr Glowed with a promising ray,—
f To you in the city of David
A Saviour is born to-day!

mf On they sang, and we know that never
The carol on earth shall cease,—
ff Glory to God in the highest,
dim On earth good-will and peace!

Frederic William Farrar.

908

They rejoiced with exceeding great joy.—Matt. ii. 10. 8, 3, 3, 6, 8, 3, 3, 6.

mf 1 ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
f "Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

mf 2 Come, then, let us hasten yonder,
Here let all,
Great and small,
dim Kneel in awe and wonder;
mp Love Him who with love is yearning,
cr Hail the Star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning.

p 3 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
cr Weep no more,
For the door
Now is found of gladness:
mp Cling to Him for He will guide you,
cr Where no cross,
Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

mf 4 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
f But shall dwell with Thee forever
Far on high,
cr In the joy
That can alter never.

C. Winkworth, Tr., 1829-1878

EASTER.

Tell My brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see Me.—Matt. xxviii. 10. 909

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

mf 1 EASTER flowers, Easter carols,
Deck the altar, fill the air;
Glorious dawns the happy morning
O'er a world so bright and fair.
f Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King.

mf 2 When the clouds of night were broken,
Angels rolled the stone away,
cr And on this bright Easter morning
Sing we now the triumph lay.
f Alleluia, etc.

mp 3 In the mists of early morning
Came the faithful to the tomb,
cr Angel guardians, clad in white robes,
Sat there in the breaking gloom.
f Alleluia, etc.

f 4 He is risen—thus the Angel
Spake unto the faithful three,
He is risen—wondrous story,
He has gone to Galilee.
f Alleluia, etc.

m 5 Now the clouds of night are broken,
Mortals now the story tell,
cr He is risen, Alleluia,
Let the joyful anthem swell.
ff Alleluia, etc.

Anonymous.

910

They had seen a vision of angels which said that He was alive.—Luke xxiv. 23.
11, 11, 11, 11, or, 6, 5 (12 lines).

mf 1 GOD hath sent His angels to the earth again,
Bringing joyful tidings to the sons of men;
They who first at Christmas thronged the heavenly way,
Now beside the tomb-door sit on Easter-day.

Chorus—

f Angels, sing His triumph as they sang His birth,
Christ the Lord is risen. (*dim*) Peace, good-will on earth.

mp 2 In the dreadful desert where the Lord was tried,
cr There the faithful angels gathered at His side;

p And when in the garden, grief and pain and care
dim Bowed Him down with anguish, (*cr*) they were with Him there.
f Angels, sing, etc.

mf 3 God has still His angels, helping at His word,
All His faithful children, like their faithful Lord;
mp Soothing them in sorrow, (*cr*) arming them in strife,
mf Opening wide the tomb-doors, leading into life.
f Angels, sing, etc.

mp 4 Father, send Thine angels unto us, we pray:
Leave us not to wander, all alone our way.
cr Let them guard and guide us, wheresoe'er we be,
mf Till our resurrection brings us home to Thee.
f Angels, sing, etc.

Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893.

Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings.—Mal. iv. 2. 8, 8, 6: 8, 8, 6. **911**

mf 1 O JESUS! Sun of Righteousness,
Our risen Lord! O deign to bless,
And to each heart draw near;
Then, as our songs ascend to Thee,
dim And as we pray, on bended knee,
p Do Thou vouchsafe to hear.

f 2 All power is Thine: and Thee we know,
In heaven above and earth below,
Most merciful and just;
mf Creator, Saviour, Lord of all,
On Thee alone for help we call;
cr In Thee alone we trust.

f 3 Let every heart unite to raise
A song of gratitude and praise
In glad and free concord:
And, while our tongues confess Thy name,
May every deed our love proclaim
To Thee, our God and Lord.

J. S. Bogg.

912

He is not here, but is risen.—Luke xxiv. 6.
8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

f 1 HE is risen. He is risen.
Tell it out with joyful voice:
He has burst His three days' prison,
Let the whole wide world rejoice:
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

2 He is risen. He is risen.
He hath opened heaven's gate:
We are loosed from sin's dark prison,
Called unto a holier state.
Soon a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall gleam.

3 Risen Lord, let all adore Thee,
Saints on earth and saints in heaven;
Every creature bow before Thee,
Who hast all their being given;
Who by grace dost us restore,
Praise to Thee for evermore.

C. F. Alexander, 1818-1895.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING.

913 *The Lord's mercies are new every morning.* —Lam. iii. 23. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

mf 1 EVERY morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as early dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day;
f For thy mercies, Lord, are sure,
Thy compassion doth endure.

mp 2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily would our sins remove;
Daily, far as east to west,
Lift the burden from the breast;
Give unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

mf 3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
mp And, as we confess the sin,
And the tempter's power within,
cr Feed us with the bread of life,
Fit us for our daily strife.

f 4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendour burns,
May we lift our hearts to Thee,
Sun of heaven's radiancy ;
That beneath Thy blessed light,
We may live to serve Thee right.

G. Phillimore, 1821-1884.

The Father of Light.—Jas. i. 17. 10, 10, 10, 10. **914**

f 1 FATHER of lights, again these new-born rays
That flush the kindling east, bespeak our praise :
mf Shine on our hearts, true Light of Life, that we
May mirror back Thy beams and shine for Thee.

f 2 God of the day ! teach us to walk in light
With guileless hearts, (*dim*) as in our Father's sight :
mp To hate the works of darkness, and to be
cr True to ourselves, our fellow-man, and Thee.

mf 3 God of our time ! Thy latest gift—this day,
We render back to Thee, and humbly lay
Upon Thine altar ; consecrate its hours,
That we may work Thy will with all our powers.

mf 4 God of our home! we own Thee Master here.
May all be ordered in Thy faith and fear;
mp Unseen but felt, oh! may Thy presence prove
The bond of peace, (*cr*) the pledge of joy and love.

mp 5 And when at last life's eventide shall come,
dim And the night gathers round our earthly home,
cr O be Thy face unveiled, our Morning Star,
Herald of dawn in sunnier climes afar.

W. Hay M. H. Aitken, 1885.

915

Thou hast made me glad through Thy work. —Ps. xcii 4. C. M.

mf 1 NOW that the sun is beaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That Thou, the Uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

mp 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
dim And in our hearts be love.

mf 3 And grant that in Thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend:
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favour end.

St Ambrose, 340-367.

EVENING.

The shadows of the evening are stretched out.
—Jer. vi. 4.

916

7, 7, 7, 7, 4 (with refrain).

mp 1 DAY is dying in the west;
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship, while the night
cr Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.

p Holy, holy, holy, (*f*) Lord God of Hosts,
mf Heaven and earth are full of Thee!
cr Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
f O Lord most high!

mf 2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh. (*p*) Holy, etc.

mp 3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Lord of Love, enfolding all,
cr Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face
Our hearts ascend. (*p*) Holy, etc.

pp 4 When for ever from our sight
Pass the stars—the day—the night,
cr Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
f And shadows end. (*p*) Holy, etc.

Mary A. Lathbury, 1841.

917

If any man serve Me, him will My Father honour.—John xii. 26. 11, 10, 11, 10.

mp 1 FATHER, ere yet another day be ended,
Low at Thy feet we humbly bow the knee,
And as the western sun to rest descendeth,
cr Thy children raise their evening hymn to Thee.

mf 2 For every mercy Thou this day hast sent us,
For all the love that guarded us from ill,
The homage of our grateful hearts we render,
And pray Thee, Saviour, so to shield us still.

mp 3 But ah, dear Lord, our hearts are faint and weary,
With consciousness of all the evil done,
Of blessings wasted which Thy love had granted,
Of battles lost which well we might have won.

mf 4 But, Master, Thou art patient and forgiving,
Sinless—Thou hast been tried and tempted too;
p Then pardon, Lord, Thy children's sins and failings,
cr And grant us grace to persevere anew.

mp 5 The day is gone, and life's day too is going,
dim Soon will it pass, and death's dark night be come;
cr Then grant us, Lord, that each day as it closes
May ever leave us one stage nearer home.

mf 6 The setting sun proclaims the day is ended:
Father of Heaven! (*dim*) to Thee we bow the knee,
mp And as the shade of eventide descendeth,
dim Thy children close their parting hymn to Thee.

Anonymous.

Thou makest the day dark with night.—Amos v. 8. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4. 918

p 1 SOFTLY the silent night
Falleth from God,
On weary wanderers
Over life's road;
cr And as the stars on high
Light up the darkening sky,
dim Lord, unto Thee we cry,
Father above!

p 2 Slowly on failing wing
Daylight has passed;
dim Sleep, like an angel kind,
Folds us at last.
pp Peace be our lot this night,
Safe be our slumber light,
cr Watched by Thine angels bright,
Father above!

mf 3 And when the gleam of morn
Touches our eyes,
cr And the returning day
Bids us arise,—

f Happy beneath Thy will,
Steadfast in joy or ill,
Lord, may we serve Thee still,
Father above!

A. N. Blatchford.

919

Wait for the promise of the Father.—Acts i. 4. 11, 10, 11, 10.

mp 1 FATHER, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,
cr Fain would our souls receive Thy kindling love;
p For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

mp 2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
cr And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
mf And we will trust in each unknown to-morrow;
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

p 3 In the heart's depths, a peace serene and holy
Lingers; (*dim*) and when pain seems to have its will,
pp Or we despair, oh! (*cr*) may that peace rise slowly,
mf Stronger than agony, (*pp*) and we are still.

mp 4 Now, Father, now in Thine own presence kneeling,
cr Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;
mf O make us strong; we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, (*dim*) and calmness from above.

S. Johnson, 1822-1882.

Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray and cry aloud.—Ps. lv. 17. 920
12, 11, 12, 11 (anapæstic).

p 1 HOW calmly the evening once more is descending,
As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer;
cr O wing of the Lord, in Thy shelter befriending,
May we and our households continue to share!

mf 2 The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is open:
O enter, my soul, at the glorious gates;
The silence and smile of Thy love are the token,
Who now for all comers invitingly waits.

mp 3 We come to be soothed with Thy merciful healing;
The dews of the night cure the wounds of the day;
cr We come, our life's worth and its brevity feeling,
mf With thanks for the past; (*p*) for the future we pray.

mp 4 Lord save us from folly; be with us in sorrow;
Sustain us in work till the time of our rest;
pp When earth's day is over, (*cr*) may heaven's to-morrow
Dawn on us, (*mf*) of homes long expected possest.

T. T. Lynch, 1818-1871.

921

I flee unto Thee, to hide me.—Ps. cxliii. 9.
11, 11, 11, 5.

p 1 NOW, Lord, be with us, for the night is closing;
The light and darkness are of Thy disposing;
And 'neath Thy shadow here to rest we yield us;
cr For Thou wilt shield us.

mf 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us,
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father! o'er us;
cr In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
dim Thine angels send us.

p 3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
cr Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
mp All sick and mourners, we to Thee commend them,
dim Do Thou befriend them.

mp 4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
cr But Thee, O Father! who Thine own hast made us;
mf But Thy blest presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek Thee only.

C. Winkworth, 1820-1878.

So will I compass Thine altar, O Lord.— Ps. xxvi. 6. C. M. 922

mf 1 NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let incense flames arise:
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

f 2 Awake! our love; awake! our joy,
Awake! our heart and tongue;
Sleep not when mercies loudly call;
Break forth into a song.

mf 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day:
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

f 4 New time, new favours, and new joys
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
dim Accept our hearts' desire.

mf 5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;
cr Thee may we praise eternally,
When time shall be no more.

J. Mason, 1694.

923

Now the day draweth toward evening.—Judges xix. 9. L. M.

mp 1 SWEET evening hour, sweet evening hour!
That calms the air, and shuts the flower;
That brings the wild bird to her nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

2 O season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks amid the dews,
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

p 3 Dear God, as earth recedes from sight,
Open the quiet of Thy light,
dim And call the fettered soul above,
From sin and grief, to peace and love.

mf 4 Be with us in this evening time,
When feelings flow and wishes climb;
cr Thy care disperse our earthly care,
dim Hear, and receive our parting prayer.

H. F. Lyte, 1793-1847.

924

There remaineth a rest to the people of God.—Heb. iv. 9. D. C. M.

mp 1 THE day is done, the sacred day of thought and toil is past,
dim Soft falls the twilight cool and grey on the tired earth at last,

By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest friends oppressed,
cr In Thee alone, the soul, outworn, refreshment finds and rest.

p 2 Bend, gracious Spirit, from above, like these o'erarching skies,
cr And to Thy firmament of Love lift up these longing eyes;
And folded by Thy sheltering hand, in refuge still and deep,
dim Let blessed thoughts from Thee descend, as drop the dews of sleep.

mp 3 So in the hastening evening, so in the coming morn,
When deeper slumber shall be given (*cr*) and fresher life be born,
mf Shine out, true Light! to guide my way amid that deepening gloom,
cr And rise, O Morning Star, the first that day-spring to illume!

mf 4 I cannot dread the darkness deep where Thou wilt watch o'er me,
Nor smile to greet the sunrise glad, unless Thy smile I see;
cr Creator, Saviour, Comforter! on Thee my soul is cast;
f At morn, at night, in earth, in heaven, be Thou my First and Last.

Eliza Scudder, 1821-1896.

M

925

In the end of the Sabbath.—Matt. xxviii. 1.
7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8.

mf 1 THE day of prayer is ending,
Our feet must homeward go:
dim The shades of night ascending
Creep o'er the world below.
cr But still the mountain summits fair
Glow with the light of praise and prayer.

mf 2 Here, to green pastures guiding,
Thou, Lord, didst lead Thy flock,
Here, from life's noonday hiding,
We found the shelt'ring rock;
mp But now we leave the hills of praise,
dim To tread again earth's common ways.

mf 3 To life's dull path returning,
And duty's narrow sphere,
Still in our hearts keep burning
The vision witnessed here;
p Still may Thy spell of peace and power
cr Breathe strength for every toilsome hour.

Ella S. Armitage, 1840.

926

The sun knoweth his going down.—Psalm civ. 19. 9, 8, 9, 8.

mp 1 THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
cr To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

mf 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
cr And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

f 5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away,
cr But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

J. Ellerton, 1826-1893.

Thou art my lamp, O Lord.—2 Sam. xxii. 29. 8, 8, 8, 4. **927**

mp 1 THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
dim The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

p 2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
cr Lead us, O Christ, Thou Living Way,
Safe home at last.

mf 3 Oh! by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
cr Help us to look to that bright place
Where Thou art nigh.

f 4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
cr And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

mf 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
cr Where Thou, Eternal Light of light,
ff Art Lord of all.

G. Thring, 1823-1903.

928

Ye shall abide in my love.—John xv. 10.
8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

mp 1 SAVIOUR, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall,
cr Let Thy word of love descending,
Bring Thy mercy to us all;
p Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

mf 2 Bless the gospel message spoken,
In Thine own appointed way;
dim Give each lowly soul a token
Of Thy tender love to-day:
p Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

mp 3 Comfort those in pain or sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
cr Let us all arise to-morrow,
Strengthened by Thy grace divine;
p Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

mp 4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught.
p Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

Sarah Doudney, 1842.

END OF YEAR.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.—Psalm xxiii. 6. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7. **929**

mp 1 ACROSS the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting;
cr We come to Thee, the Life and Light,
In solemn worship meeting;
mp And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
dim Once more thy love entreating.

mf 2 We gather up in this brief hour
The memory of Thy mercies;
cr Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power
Our grateful song rehearses:
f For Thou hast been our strength and stay
dim In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

p 3 In many an hour, when fear and dread
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
cr Thy providence hath found us;
mf In many a night, when waves ran high,
Thy gracious presence, drawing nigh,
dim Hath made all calm around us.

mf 4 Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever may betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us;
mp Nor leave us till, at close of life,
cr Safe from all peril, toil, and strife,
f Thou wilt in heaven receive us.

J. Hamilton.

NEW YEAR.

930 *Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk.*—Psalm cxliii. 8.

6, 5 (12 lines).

mf 1 STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear;
p Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
cr Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

f Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day,
For His Word shall never,
Never pass away.

mf 2 I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed:
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand.

f Onward, then, etc.

mf 3 For the year before us,
O what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
mp For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
cr Perfect strength be found.

f Onward, then, etc.

mf 4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal promise
He will never break.
cr Resting on that promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.

f Onward, then, etc.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-1879.

931

Trust ye in the Lord for ever.—Isaiah xxvi. 4. 7, 6 (12 lines).

mf 1 JOY bells are sounding sweetly,
Waking the new-born year,
O that some heavenly music,
Listening, my heart may hear!
p Hark! 'tis the voice of Jesus,
Over my life's dark sea,
cr "Be not afraid, beloved,
Trust the New Year to Me;
f Trust in My love for ever;
Trust till life's day is o'er;
Trust till the New Year's morning
Breaks on the heavenly shore."

mf 2 Saviour, with Thee communing,
Life has no fears for me;
Brightly this New Year's morning
Dawns on my spirit free;
mp Months as they pass may bring me
Trials unknown to-day;
Still shall the echo linger,
Sweetly I hear Thee say,
f "Trust in My love," etc.

mp 3 More of Thy love, my Saviour,
More of Thy peace within,
More of Thy perfect beauty,
My heart more free from sin!
mf This be Thy New Year's blessing,
Better than finest gold,
cr While on Thy word of greeting
Faith can keep fast her hold:
f "Trust in My love," etc.

f 4 Onward with step more steadfast,
Upward with stronger flight,
Upward to love's own country,
Heavenward to God's own light!
mp Jesus, in Thee abiding,
Years cannot fly too fast,
cr Death cannot touch my spirit,
Hearing Thy voice at last:
f "Trust in My love," etc.

Anonymous

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

932 *Take ye and offer them before the Lord.*—Lev. ix. 2. 11, 10, 11, 10 (dactylic).

mf 1 HERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
Flowers in their freshness from garden and field;
mp Gifts for the stricken ones, (*cr*) knowing Thou carest
More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

p 2 Speak, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;
Comfort the sad who in weakness are lying,
dim Grant the departing a gentle release.

mf 3 Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened,
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
cr Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quickened,
Gladness for sorrow and brightness for gloom.

p 4 We, Lord, like flowers in our Autumn must wither,
dim We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die:
mf Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,
cr Grant us a home in Thy kingdom on high.

A. G. W. Blunt.

I will remember the works of the Lord.— Psalm lxxvii. 11. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6. 933

mf 1 LORD of the silent winter,—
Beneath whose skies of gray
The frost-bound fields lie cheerless,
But wait a brighter day:
mp If human hearts are dreary,
By mists or sorrow chilled,
dim Give patience to the weary,
Till they with peace be filled.

f 2 Lord of the joyous spring-time,—
When leaves and buds appear,
And lengthening days of beauty
Renew the softened year:
mf Breathe on our hearts in blessing,
Away our sadness roll:
cr And send, all pain redressing,
A spring-time to the soul!

f 3 Lord of the glowing summer,—
When waves the corn on high,
And fruits in valleys ripen,
Beneath a cloudless sky:

mf Shine on our hearts' endeavour
To give our hearts to Thee,
That in our spirits ever
A richer life may be!

f 4 Lord of the bounteous autumn,—
When orchards yield their store,
And golden sheaves, new-gathered,
Pass to the garner door:
cr Grant now a full fruition
To every seed of truth,
Which fell, with blessed mission,
Upon our souls in youth.

mf 5 Lord of the changing seasons!
Lord of our passing days!
cr Wake Thou in us abundance
Of duty, love, and praise;
mp That hearts of wintry sadness
May feel the breath of spring,
cr And summer's time of gladness
The autumn glories bring!

Dendy Agate.

934

God giveth the increase.—1 Cor. iii. 7.

11, 10, 11, 10.

mf 1 LORD of the reapers, hear our lowly pleading,
Thine are the fields that stand all harvest-white;
Thine is the love that human souls are needing,
dim Ere falls the dusk that deepens into night.

p 2 Oft have we prayed, with longing and beseeching,
cr Fruit for our toil and glory for Thy cross;
mp Yet slow the reaping, slow the task of reaching
Far distant souls whose distance is their loss.

p 3 Oft have we asked, entreating much and hoping,
Only to know our toil was not in vain;
cr Wisdom to find the hearts in darkness groping,
dim Patience to lead them gently home again.

mp 4 Soon o'er our harvest field the twilight stealeth,
Low on its margin stands the solemn sun;
cr Rising to Thee the reapers' prayer appealeth,
Grant us full sheaves before the day is done.

f 5 So when Thy morning floods the land with glory,
Good will it be to meet and see Thee then!
cr Learn all the triumphs of Thy love's sweet story,
Lord of the reapers! Hope of sinful men!

Frederic Goldsmith French.

935

Lord, how manifold are Thy works!—Psalm civ. 24. 9, 8, 9, 8 (anapæstic).

f 1 NOW sing we a song for the harvest:
Thanksgiving and honour and praise,
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days;

2 For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
To delver and husbandman yield.

mf 3 And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold;
The harvest, eyes only can gather,
dim And only our hearts can enfold.

mf 4 We reap it on mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

f 5 But now we sing deeper and higher,
Of harvests that eye cannot see;
cr They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

mf 6 And they have been gathered and garnered,
Some golden with honour and gain,
dim And some, as with heart's blood, are ruddy,
p The harvests of sorrow and pain.

f 7 O Thou who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
cr Our hearts are for ever repeating
Thanksgiving and honour and praise.

J. W. Chadwick.

Seed time and harvest shall not cease.—Gen. viii. 22. L. M. **936**

f 1 ONCE more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more, with harvest-song and shout,
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

2 O favours every year made new:
O blessings with the sunshine sent:
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

mp 3 We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on:
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
p We choose the shadow, (*cr*) but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

mf 4 Now let these altars, wreathed with flowers,
And piled with fruits, awake again
cr Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

J. G. Whittier, 1807-1892.

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; and Thy paths drop fatness.—Ps. lxv. 11. 8, 7 (12 lines). **937**

f 1 NOW the year is crowned with blessing
As we gather in the grain;
And, our grateful thanks expressing,
Loud we raise a joyous strain.

mp Bygone days of toil and sadness
Cannot now our peace destroy;
cr For the hills are clothed with gladness
And the valleys shout for joy.

f To the Lord their first-fruits bringing
All His thankful people come,
To the Father praises singing
For the joy of harvest home.

mf 2 In the spring the smiling meadows
Donned their robes of living green,
As the sunshine chased the shadows
Swiftly o'er the changing scene;
In the summer-time the story
Of a riper hope was told;
cr Then the rich autumnal glory
Decked the fields in cloth of gold.

f To the Lord, etc.

mf 3 Shall not we, whose hearts are swelling
With the thought of former days,
cr Sing a joyous song foretelling
Future gladness, fuller praise?
mp For the cloud the bow retaineth
With its covenant of peace,
cr That, as long as earth remaineth,
Harvest-time shall never cease.

f To the Lord, etc.

mp 4 Though the fig-tree may not flourish,
Though the vine no fruit may yield,
dim Though the earth no flocks may nourish
In the fold or in the field,

mf Still our hearts will trust His power
Who the ravens stoops to feed,
cr And the hand that clothes each flower
Shall supply our utmost need.

f To the Lord, etc.

Ellen Thorneycroft Felkin.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

Neither shall there be any more pain.— Rev. xxi. 4. C. M. 938

mf 1 FROM Thee all healing virtue flows,
All pity, care, and love;
All calm and courage, faith and hope,
O, pour them from above!

mp 2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
cr To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

f 3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day,
When pain and ill shall cease;
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace.

4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod;
And man's rude work deface no more
The glorious work of God.

Charles Kingsley, 1819-1875.

SOCIETY MEETING.

939

I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace.—Acts xx. 32. 9, 8, 8, 9.

mp 1 GOD be with you till we meet again,
cr By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you :
p God be with you till we meet again.

mp 2 God be with you till we meet again,
cr 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you :
p God be with you till we meet again.

mp 3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
cr Put His arms unfailing round you :
p God be with you till we meet again.

mp 4 God be with you till we meet again,
cr Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
f Smite death's threatening wave before you :
p God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. Rankin, 1828-1904.

FREE WILL OFFERINGS.

Offer them for an offering unto the Lord.—
Numbers viii. 13. C. M. 940

mf 1 OF old, O Lord, Thy people brought
Their offerings rich and free;
Thy grace and favour then they sought,
That they might worshipThee.

2 And still, like them, to Thee we bring
Gifts from Thy bounteous store;
cr Our lips and hearts together sing
As in the days of yore.

mp 3 Accept our gifts, receive our praise
For all Thou hast bestowed;
cr For faithful hearts and earnest days,
For love more dear than gold.

mf 4 O Thou who givest all things, give
Thy blessing on our deeds;
And, as in Thee we move and live,
dim Give now for all our needs.

J. T. Freeth.

NATIONAL HYMN.

941

The Kingdom is the Lord's: and He is the Governor among the nations.—Ps. xxii. 28. D. C. M.

f 1 O KING of kings, O Lord of hosts, whose throne is lifted high
Above the nations of the earth, the armies of the sky,—
mf The spirits of the perfected may give their nobler songs;
cr And we, Thy children, worship Thee, to whom all praise belongs.

mf 2 Thou who didst lead Thy people forth, and make the captive free,
Hast drawn around our native land the curtain of the sea,
mp To make another holy place, where golden lamps should shine,
dim And human hearts keep loving watch around the ark divine.

mf 3 Our bounds of empire Thou hast set in many a distant isle,
And in the shadow of our throne the desert places smile;
cr For in our laws and in our faith 'tis Thine own light they see—
f The truth that brings to captive souls the wider liberty.

mf 4 Thy hand has hid within our fields treasures
of countless worth;
The light, the suns of other years, shine from
the depths of earth;
mp The very dust, inbreathed by Thee, the clods
all cold and dead,
cr Wake into beauty and to life, to give Thy
children bread.

mf 5 Thou who hast sown the sky with stars,
setting Thy thoughts in gold,
cr Hast crowned our nation's life, and ours, with
blessings manifold;
Thy mercies have been numberless; Thy
love, Thy grace, Thy care,
Were wider than our utmost need, and higher
than our prayer.

f 6 O King of kings, O Lord of hosts, our fathers'
God and ours!
dim Be with us in the future years; (*p*) and if
the tempest lowers,
cr Look through the cloud with light of love,
and smile our tears away,
f And lead us through the brightening years to
heaven's eternal day.

Henry Burton, 1840.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

942

Our help is in the name of the Lord.—Psalm cxxiv. 8. 8, 3, 8, 3.

mp 1 IN our hearts celestial voices
Softly say,—
dim Day is passing, night is coming;
pp Kneel and pray!

mf 2 Father, we obey the summons;
dim Hear our cry:
p Pity us, and help our weakness,
cr Thou Most High!

f 3 For the joys that most we cherish
Praised be Thou!
dim Good and gentle art Thou ever;
p Hear us now.

mp 4 Coming morrows we may never
Live to see;
cr All we ask Thee is to keep us
Safe with Thee.

mf 5 May our dreams be of Thy kingdom
Full of grace,
cr Where at last we hope to meet Thee
Face to face.

mp 6 We are only little children
Kneeling here,
And we want our loving Father
Always near.

mf 7 Take us in Thine arms, and keep us
As Thine own;
cr Gather us like little sunbeams
Round Thy throne.

Marie Corelli.

Hear my prayer, O Lord.—Psalm cxliii. 1. 11, 8, 11, 9 (anapæstic). **943**

mf 1 THOU God of the children, Christ Jesus our Lord,
The Life, and the Truth, and the Way;
We offer our homage to Thy blessed Name;
p Unto Thee, blessed Lord, now we pray.

mf 2 Thou art our Protector when dangers draw nigh,
In trouble our Solace and Stay;
cr We trust in Thy promise to guard us from ill;
p Unto Thee, blessed Lord, now we pray.

mp 3 O dwell with us, Jesus, and honour Thy house,
And grant us Thy blessing each day;
cr And open our hearts to receive Thy good gifts;
p Unto Thee, blessed Lord, now we pray.

mf 4 And grant that Thy children be loyal and true
To Thee, and Thy Church, and Thy Word;
That we Thy commandments may faithfully keep;
p Unto Thee, now we pray, blessed Lord.

Joseph Deans.

944

King of Kings and Lord of Lords.—Rev. xix. 16.

11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10 (dactylic).

mf 1 TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!
Under the standard, exalted and royal,
cr Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee.

f Peal out the watchword! and silence it never!
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free;
True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!

mf 2 True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience,
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

f Peal out the watchword, etc.

mp 3 True-hearted! Saviour, Thou knowest our story;
dim Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
Sinful and treacherous! yet, (*cr*) for Thy glory,
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.

f Peal out the watchword, etc.

mf 4 True-hearted, whole-hearted, Saviour all glorious!
cr Take Thy great power and reign there alone;
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered and wholly Thine own.

f Peal out the watchword, etc.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-1879.

Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness.—Psalm iv. 1. 7, 7, 7, 6. **945**

mf 1 JESUS, from Thy throne on high,
Come to us, be ever nigh,
dim Look on us with loving eye:
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

mf 2 Little children need not fear
When they know that Thou art near;
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

mf 3 Little hearts may love Thee well
Little lips Thy love may tell,
cr Little hymns Thy praises swell,
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

mf 4 Little deeds of love may shine;
Little lives may be divine,
Little ones be wholly Thine,
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

mp 5 Fold us to Thy loving breast;
There may we, in happy rest,
cr Feel that we indeed are blest:
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

mf 6 Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne
Watching o'er each little one,
dim Till our life on earth is done,
pp Hear us, Holy Jesus.

T. B. Pollock, 1836-1896.

946

Suffer the little children to come unto Me.—Mark x. 14. 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.

mf 1 LORD Jesus, Thou art lov',
Though angels bow before Thee,
cr Enthroned in heaven above
In majesty and glory.
Thou wilt accept the praise
That little children sing;
Thou wilt direct their ways
To Thee, their heavenly King.

mp 2 When once upon the earth
Thine arms the babes caressing,
Thou spakest words of worth
The little children blessing;—

cr Still dost Thou own and bless,
And crownest them with love,
And still Thine arms caress
The little ones above.

mf 3 And we who dwell below,
For useful work preparing,
May feel life's journey through
That we Thy love are sharing.
cr Thy bounteous hands provide
All blessings that we know:
Thou art the friend and guide
Of little ones below.

mf 4 So we who dwell on earth,
And they who dwell in heaven
May claim Thy words of worth
By tender mercy given.
cr And we our voices raise
With songs they sing above,
f To celebrate Thy praise,
The glories of Thy love.

John Hyde, 1833-1875.

And touched the border of His garment.— Luke viii. 44. 947

10, 6, 10, 6 (with refrain).

mp 1 SHE only touched the hem of His garment,
As to His side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered around Him.
cr And straightway she was whole.
mf O touch the hem of His garment,
And thou, too, shalt be free;
cr His saving power this very hour
Shall give new life to thee.

p 2 She came in fear and trembling before Him,
She knew her Lord had come;
cr She felt that from Him virtue had healed her;
The mighty deed was done.
mf O touch the hem, etc.

mf 3 He turned with, Daughter, be of good comfort,
Thy faith hath made thee whole;
p And peace that passeth all understanding
cr With gladness filled her soul.
mf O touch the hem, etc.

G. F. Root.

948

I go to prepare a place for you.—John xiv. 2. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

mf 1 FROM the homes of those who love us,
In the city of the blest,
Come the sounds of angel voices,
dim Hushing troubled hearts to rest;
p Tender voices softly blending,
Calling now to you and me,
cr "In the land of light and beauty
There's a place prepared for thee."

mp 2 In the circles of our dear ones,
Who have passed into the day,
cr In the sunlit streets of Salem
Where the children are at play,
p There are wistful eyes now watching,
Looking long for you and me,
cr There are hearts now calling to us,
"There's a place prepared for thee."

mf 3 'Mid the voices of the city,
From the centre of the throng,
cr Gathering daily in the homeland,
Singing there the gladsome song,
f One there is whose notes are fuller,
Higher, deeper than them all,
And His love and grace abounding,
Give the music to the call.

H. Gordon Drummond.

In My Father's house are many mansions.—John xiv. 2. 10, 8, 8, 8 : 8, 8. 949

mf 1 IN our Father's House there is room for all,
Where whosoever will may find
A home eternal if they call
Upon His name with heart and mind.

f Our Father's House, Our Father's House,
'Tis His, 'tis ours, for evermore.

mf 2 In our Father's House there is bread for all,
Enough for all, and yet to spare;
And in His love whate'er befall,
He giveth each his needful share.

f Our Father's House, etc.

mf 3 In our Father's House there is light for all,
And sight that never waneth dim,
cr The light of life—the life of light
Are theirs who love and follow Him.

f Our Father's House, etc.

p 4 In our Father's House there is rest for all,
For weary souls sweet rest from care,
cr Where sin can never more enthral,
And all who will may shelter there.

f Our Father's House, etc.

Joseph Deans.

950

Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea.—Matt. ii. 1.

6, 6, 11, 6, 6, 11 (anapæstic).

mf 1 COME, children, with singing,
With sweet voices ringing,
Come, kneel to the babe that in Bethlehem lies;
cr While angels on high
To men drawing nigh,
Are filling with music the listening skies.

mf 2 Repeat the dear story,
dim How, veiling His glory,
The Hope of the Ages came down to the earth,
p Oh, worship Him lowly,
The lofty and holy,
cr Our Star of the Morning shone out at His birth.

mp 3 See Mary enfold Him,
While shepherds behold Him,
And sages are bent at His beautiful feet.
p Come, haste to adore Him,
And, bowing before Him,
The Lord who redeems you in reverence greet.

mp 4 This wonderful Stranger,
His couch is a manger,
His cradle so lowly with cattle in stall;
f Yet God of creation,
In blest Incarnation,
dim Now stoops to our nature to ransom us all.

f 5 Rock, bells, in the steeple,
Shout loudly, good people,
And children, oh, merrily, merrily sing;
cr O'er land and o'er ocean,
With joyful commotion,
ff Send forth the glad tidings that Jesus is King.

Arranged by Frank Sewall.

The temple of the Lord where the ark of God was.—1 Sam. iii. 3. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. **951**

mp 1 HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
dim The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
mf When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

p 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch, the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
cr And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

p 3 Oh! give me Samuel's ear.
The open ear, O Lord,
cr Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy Word,
mf Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

p 4 Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates.
cr By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

p 5 Oh! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
cr That I may read, with childlike eyes,
mf Truths that are hidden from the wise.

J. D. Burns, 1823-1864.

952

My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth.—Jer. iii. 4.

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

f 1 O LORD, Thy boundless love
Prolongs our days;
We, who Thy mercies prove,
Would sing Thy praise.
mp May Thine own tenderness
Fill us with gentleness,
Prompt us to kindliness
In all our ways.

mf 2 O Lord, Thy Word of truth
To us is given,
To teach us in our youth
Of Thee and heaven.
mp O may its truths have might
cr To lead our steps aright
f To Thee, great fount of light,
To Thee and heaven.

mf 3 Whate'er we find to do
From day to day,
In all that's just and true
Be still our stay;
mp Make us more dutiful,
Loving and beautiful,
Like as the angels,
p Saviour we pray.

John Hyde, 1833-1875.

Great peace have they which love Thy law: and nothing shall offend them.—Ps. cxix. 165. 953

11, 8, 11, 8 (anapæstic).

mf 1 HOW holy the Bible! how pure is the light
That streams from its pages divine;
'Tis a star that shines clear, through the gloom of the night,
Of jewels a wonderful mine.

mf 2 'Tis bread for the hungry, 'tis food for the poor,
dim A balm for the wounded and sad;
cr 'Tis the gift of a Father; His likeness is there,
And the hearts of His children are glad.

mf 3 'Tis the voice of the Saviour; how sweet in the storm
dim It speaks to the sinner distressed!
p The tempest is hushed, and the sea becomes calm,
pp The troubled and weary find rest.

mf 4 'Tis a friend's loving counsel, the voice of a guide,
How gentle and faithful, and true!
No harm can the dear little pilgrim betide
Whose feet its directions pursue.

5 No words like the words of the Saviour, nor can
Their sweetness or value be told;
mp They are words fitly spoken to sorrowful man,
Like beautiful apples of gold.

mf 6 O teach me, blest Jesus, to seek for Thy face,
To me let Thy welcome be given;
cr Now speak to my heart some kind message of grace,
Some words that shall guide me to heaven.

Sunday School Hymn Book.

954

Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come unto Me.—Matt. xix. 14.

6, 5, 6, 5.

mf 1 IN our dear Lord's garden,
Planted here below,
Many tiny flowerets
In sweet beauty grow.

2 Christ, the loving Gardener,
Tends these blossoms small,
Loves the little lilies
And the cedars tall.

mp 3 Nothing is too little
For His gentle care,
Nothing is too lowly
dim In His love to share.

mf 4 Jesus loves the children,
Children such as we,
Blessed them when their mothers
Brought them to His knee.

mp 5 Jesus calls the children,
cr Bids them come and stand
In His pleasant garden,
Watered by His hand.

mf 6 Lord, Thy call we answer;
p Take us in Thy care,
cr Train us in Thy garden,
In Thy work to share.

Ella S. Armitage, 1840.

He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment.—Rev. iii. 5. 955

5, 4, 5, 4, 5, 4, 5, 4.

mf 1 JESUS, my Saviour,
Cleanse me from sin,
Make me Thy temple,
Dwell Thou therein;

p Gentle and holy,
Loving and mild,
Make me to worship
Thee, as Thy child.

mf 2 May I with ardour
Serve Thee each day,
cr Learning to praise Thee,
dim Learning to pray.
mp Filled with Thy Spirit,
Lord, I would be,
Humble and holy,
Live unto Thee.

mf 3 Longing for something
Earth cannot give,
Hoping and striving,
Daily I live ;
mp But in Thy presence
Conflict must cease,
dim Saviour, dear Saviour,
pp Grant me Thy peace.

mp 4. Cleanse me, O cleanse me
From every stain :
cr Near me, O near me
Ever remain.
mf Jesus, my Saviour,
Never depart,
Make Thy pure temple
Here in my heart.

Sunday School Hymn Book.

Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.—Matt. xi. 29.

956

5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5.

mf 1 O BLESSÈD Jesus!
From Thy holy throne
Look, while Thy children
Worship Thee alone;
mp Hear us, O Father,
And accept our song,
Heartfelt, though simple,
From a youthful throng.

mf 2 Grant, glorious Saviour,
Power our sins to flee;
All our behaviour
Then shall copy Thee.
mp Hear us, O Father,
Grant Thy precious love,
cr Bid all our cold thoughts
Burn and soar above.

mp 3 Save us at all times
From temptation's snare;
cr Keep us from all crimes,
Strong in faith and prayer.
mf True, kind, and upright
May our souls e'er be,
cr Till bathed in heaven's light,
We Thy face shall see.

p 4 With Thy compassion
Make our hearts o'erflow,
cr And Thy salvation
Every child shall know:

f Till earth's vast temple
With hosannas ring,
cr And all her people
Hallelujahs sing.

Sunday School Hymn Book.

957

The eyes of all wait upon Thee; and Thou givest them their meat in due season.—Psalm cxlv. 15. 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.

f 1 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

mf 2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
cr Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
f Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

mp 3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.

p And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
cr Then, the veil uplifting,
dim Father, be Thou nigh.

mf 4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
f Light of Light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
cr Go Thou still before us.
To the endless day.

William Walsham How, 1823-1897.

Are they not all ministering spirits?— Heb. i. 14. 8, 7 (twelve lines). **958**

mf 1 THERE are unseen bands of angels
Who are ministers of love,
And who bring us sweet evangels,
From the blessèd courts above.
p For they murmur words of warning,
Till our evil thoughts depart,
cr When they bring the golden morning
dim Of sweet peace within the heart.
p Through the day and through the darkness,
In the heart's unfathomed cells,
dim There's a whisper to our being,
pp There a heavenly presence dwells.

mf 2 Would'st thou heed these angel-whispers
To thy spirit day and night?
Would'st thou walk the world sin-darkened,
With thy raiment pure and white?

cr Would'st thou know heaven's influence stealing
O'er the Babel din of earth?
dim List, the voiceless sweet revealings
Of the higher, holier birth.
p Through the day, etc.

mf 3 There's a spirit dwells within thee,
If thou heed its yea and nay,
That in gentleness will win thee
To the high and narrow way.
mp That will bow thy heart at even,
Though the scorner's lip be curled,
cr That will lead thy heart to heaven,
To the Saviour of the world.
p Through the day, etc.

Sunday School Hymn Book.

959 *The seed is the Word of God.*—Luke viii. 11. C. M.

mf 1 THY Word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair;
And every one who seeks may pluck
The lovely blossoms there.

2 Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine,
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths,
For every searcher there.

3 Thy Word is like the starry host;
A thousand rays of light
Are seen, to guide the traveller,
And make his pathway bright.

f 4 Thy Word is like a glorious choir,
And loud its anthems ring;
Though many tongues and parts unite,
It is one song they sing.

mf 5 Thy Word is like an armoury,
Where soldiers may repair,
cr And find, for life's long battle-day,
All needful weapons there.

mp 6 O, may I love Thy precious Word,
May I explore the mine;
May I its fragrant flowers glean;
May light upon me shine!

mf 7 O, may I find my armour there,
Thy Word my trusty sword;
cr I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord!

Sunday School Hymn Book.

I will mention the loving-kindness of the Lord.—Isa. lxiii. 7. **960**

7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

f 1 WE thank our God and Saviour
For all His mercies given,
Which help to make our life a joy,
And guide our feet to heaven.
His bounteous hands our wants supply,
With never-failing love;
And all who on His help rely,
His best of blessings prove.

f 2 We thank our God and Saviour,
Who gives us everything;
Who sends the sunshine and the showers,
And makes rich harvests spring.
mf He clothes the lilies of the field,
He feeds each bird and beast,
And all may share His tender care,
The greatest and the least.

f 3 We thank our God and Saviour,
Whose holy Word of truth
Still bids us trust His providence,
Who guards us in our youth.
mf His love will nothing good withhold,
'Twill shield from every ill;
cr O, may we praise Him all our days,
dim And do His holy will.

Sunday School Hymn Book.

961

The Lord shall give that which is good.—Ps. lxxxv. 12. C. M.

mf 1 O THOU whose bounty fills the earth,
Accept the gifts we bring;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
From Thy perfection spring.

mp 2 These flowers that on our borders blow,
Or bloom beside the way,
And fill with fragrance and with glow
This holy place to-day;

cr 3 They make us happy, for they tell
Of love unseen but sure;
mf Let others, then, be glad as well:—
dim The suffering and the poor.

p 4 To beds of anguish and of death
We send our store of flowers,
To whisper with their fragrant breath
Our Father's love, and ours.

mf 5 Take, Lord, our gifts; though this fair show
To-morrow will be o'er;
cr Yet that great Love of Thine, we know,
Abides for evermore.

John Ellerton, 1826-1893.

The Lord is risen.—Luke xxiv. 34.
7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6 (trochaic). **962**

f 1 BREAKS the joyful Easter dawn
Clearer yet, and stronger;
Winter from the world has gone,
Death shall be no longer!
Far away good angels drive
Night and sin and sadness;
Earth awakes in smiles, alive
With her dear Lord's gladness.

mf 2 Roused by Him from dreary hours
Under snowdrifts chilly,—
dim In His hand He brings the flowers,
Brings the rose and lily.
mp Every little buried bud
cr Into life He raises;
Every wild-flower of the wood
mf Chants the dear Lord's praises.

f 3 Open, happy flowers of spring,
For the Sun has risen!
Through the sky glad voices ring,
Calling you from prison.
mf Little children dear, look up!
Toward His brightness pressing,
cr Lift up every heart, a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing.

Lucy Larcom.

963

Ye shall bring a sheaf of the first-fruits of your harvest unto the priest.—Lev. xxiii. 10. 6, 5 (12 lines).

f 1 GIVE the first to Jesus,—childhood's golden prime,
Precious buds unfolding fruit for aftertime;
mp Give the heart's first service, give the early days,
cr Ringing out glad music to the Saviour's praise.
f First, and last, and always,
Be His claim confessed;
Active, loving service
Makes the whole life blest.

f 2 Give the best to Jesus,—bright, strong years of youth;
Spend life's joyous spring-time in the paths of truth:
mf Work waits all around you; Jesus claims your powers;
Serve with willing service through the morning hours.
f First, and last, etc.

mf 3 Give the whole to Jesus, as it flits away,—
Youth's impulsive moments, manhood's sober day:
Radiant morn and noonday melt in eventide;
cr Work is crowned with glory at the Saviour's side.
f First, and last, etc.

Sara Lovell.

He careth for you.—1 Peter v. 7.
10, 10, 10, 10 (dactylic). 964

mf 1 GOD will take care of you: all through the day
Jesus is near you to keep you from ill;
Waking or resting, at work or at play,
Jesus is with you, and watching you still.
mf 2 He will take care of you: (*mp*) all through the night,
Jesus the Shepherd His little one keeps;
cr Darkness to Him is the same as the light;
He never slumbers, and He never sleeps.
mf 3 He will take care of you: all through the year,
Crowning each day with His kindness and love,
cr Sending your blessings and shielding from fear,
Leading you on to the bright home above.
mf 4 He will take care of you: (*mp*) yes, to the end;
Nothing can alter His love for His own:
cr Children, be glad that you have such a Friend;
He will not leave you one moment alone.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-1879.

965

Thou art the Guide of my youth.—Jer. iii. 4. 8, 5, 8, 3.

mf 1 JESUS, Friend of little children,
Be a Friend to me;
dim Take my hand, and ever keep me
Close to Thee.

mp 2 Show me what my love should cherish,
What, too, it should shun;
dim Lest my feet for poison-flowers
Swift should run.

mf 3 Teach me how to grow in goodness,
Daily as I grow;
Thou hast been a Child, and ever
Thou dost know.

p 4 Fill me with Thy gentle meekness,
Make my heart like Thine;
cr Like an altar lamp, then let me
Burn and shine.

mf 5 Step by step, oh! lead me onward,
Upward into youth;
cr Wiser, stronger, still becoming
In Thy truth.

mp 6 Never leave me, nor forsake me,
Ever be my Friend;
cr Lord, I need Thee from life's dawning
To its end.

Anonymous.

And Jesus called a little child unto Him.—Matt. xviii. 2. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10. **966**

mf 1 JESUS, who calledst little ones to Thee,
To Thee I come;
O take my hand in Thine, and speak to me,
And lead me home;
dim Lest from the path of life my feet should stray,
p And sin, besetting, make Thy child its prey.

mp 2 O gentle Jesus, make this heart of mine,
So prone to sin,
As holy, harmless, undefiled, as Thine,
And dwell therein:
cr Then Thou, my Lord and Father, I shall know,
And grow in wisdom as in strength I grow.

f 3 To Thee, my Saviour, then, with morning light
Glad songs I'll raise,
p My saddest hours and darkest (*cr*) shall be bright
With silent praise;
mf And when my work or play my thoughts employ,
cr Thy Will shall be my law, Thy Love my joy.

C. C. Bell.

Thou art the Guide of my youth.—Jer. iii. 4. 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5. **967**

f 1 IN life's earliest morning,
When our hope was strong,
Thy sweet voice did reach us,
Claiming faith's great song:

mf Nor in toil nor sorrow,
Weakness nor dismay,
cr Need we ever falter—
f Art not Thou our stay?

mp 2 Should our faith be palsied
By the touch of doubt,
dim Should our hearts grow empty,
Faithless, undevout;
cr Lord, in mercy lead us
Nearer unto Thee,
mf Where are healing waters
Plentiful and free.

p 3 Should Thy face be clouded
To our spirit's sight,
cr Speak through human kindness,
Shine through Nature's light;
mp In the face of loved ones,
In the ties of home—
cr Only, gracious Father,
To Thy children come.

E. S. Oakley.

968

O Lord, how manifold are Thy Works.—Psalm civ. 24. 7, 6, 7, 6 (with refrain).

f 1 ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

mp 2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
cr He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
f All things bright, etc.

mf 3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky ;—
f All things bright, etc.

mp 4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
cr He made them everyone ;
f All things bright, etc.

mf 5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day ;—
f All things bright, etc.

mf 6 He gave us eyes to see them,
cr And lips that we may tell
f How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.
All things bright, etc.

C. F. Alexander, 1818-1895.

969

All live unto Him.—Luke xx. 38.

7, 5, 7, 5, 7, 7.

mf 1 EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright;
dim But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night.
cr There's a land not far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

mf 2 Every spring the sweet, young flowers
Open bright and gay,
dim Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away.
cr There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

mf 3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
dim But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song.
cr Angels ne'er forget to sing
Joyful praises to their King.

mf 4 Christ, our Lord, is ever near
Those who follow Him;
dim But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim;
cr There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

f 5 Who shall go to that bright land?
cr All who do the right:
mf Little children there shall stand
In their robes of white;
f For that heaven, so bright and blest,
dim Is our everlasting rest.

C. F. Alexander, 1818-1895.

Thou art my helper, and my deliverer, O Lord.—Ps. lxx. 5. 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8. 970

mp 1 WE pray Thee, Lord and Master,
To help us in our work;
O let us fear no labour,
No duty let us shirk:
cr Let everything that we may do
Be made a gift of service true.

mf 2 We do not find Thee only
In hallowed walls of praise;
Thy presence is beside us
In all our common ways:
dim The daily task, the home, the school,
Are all beneath Thy loving rule.

mf 3 Whatever be our labour,
Whatever form it take,
It can but raise us higher
If done for Thy dear sake;
cr And daily deeds of busy hands
Are steps to where the Master stands.

f 4 And O what bliss and rapture
To hear the Master's word,—
Well done, thou faithful servant;
Rejoice thou in the Lord!
cr To higher, nobler work to rise,
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Colin Sterne.

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A.M. = *Hymns Ancient and Modern, with Tunes* (Edition, 1889, with Supplemental Hymns).
B. = *Bristol Tune-Book* (Complete Edition, numbered 1-904).
C.H. = *Church Hymnary, Presbyterian* (Edition, 1898).
Y.P.M. = New Church *Young People's Magazine*.
Sankey = *Sacred Songs and Solos, with Standard Hymns*, compiled by Ira D. Sankey.
Tunes marked *, though not nominally of exactly the same Metre as the hymns to which they are set, can easily be suitably adapted thereto.
Music for Hymns 943 and 949 is printed in leaflet form, and may be obtained from Rev. Joseph Deans, 38 Crouch Hall Road, London, N.

METRE.	NO. OF HYMN.	NAME OF TUNE.	NO. IN TUNE-BOOK.
5,4,5,4,5,4,5,4	955	Salvator amicus	422, B.
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		St. Agnes	877, B.
5,5,8,8,5,5	754	Fatherland	721, B.
6,4,6,4	807	All Saints	126, B.
6,4,6,4 (with Refrain)	850	"I need Thee"	84, Sankey.
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		Ebury	429, B.
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,,	954	Clewer	286, A.M.
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		St. M. Magdalene	437, B.
,,	817	Edina	305, A.M.
,,	872	St. Andrew of Crete	91, A.M.
,,	957	Franconia	129, B.
		Ruth	493, C.H.
,,	967	St. M. Magdalene	437, B.
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,,	873	Armageddon	269, C.H.
		Hermas	543, C.H.
,,	910	Ambleside	731, B.
,,	930	New Year Morn	483, C.H.
		Vexillum	390, A.M.

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		Hawarden	451, C.H.
6,6,6,6,8,8	824	St. Godric	455, B.
,,	884	Via pacis	514, A.M.
		St. Godric	455, B.
,,	951	Samuel	606, C.H. (746, B.)
		Samuel	574, A.M.
6,6,11,6,6,11 (anapæstic)	950	Jesmond	Y.P.M. (Dec. 1912)
6,7,6,7,6,6,6,6	834	Nun danket	379, A.M.
,,	946	Innocence	Y.P.M. (June 1912)
		Nun danket	379 A.M.
7,3,7,3,7,7,7,3	788	Limpsfield	609, C.H.
		"Jesus saves!"	473, Sankey
7,5,7,5,7,7	969	St. Faith	570, A.M.
		Silksworth	469, B.
7,6,7,6	805, 870	Köcher	224, A.M. (471 B.)
,,	889	St. Alphege	429, A.M.
7,6,7,6 (with Refrain)	968	"All things bright and beautiful"	573, A.M.
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		St. George's, Bolton	479, B.
,,	796	Crüger	604, A.M.
,,	812	"Jesu, Magister Bone"	766, B.
,,	814	Day of Rest	271, A.M.
,,	878	St. Ewen	481, B.
,,	933	Aurelia	215, A.M.
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		Beachley	482, B.
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7,6,8,6,8,6,8,6	960	St. Christopher	782 B.
7,7,7,4	827	Beckenham	496, B.
7,7,7,5	862	Charity	210, A.M.
		Capetown	163, A.M.
7,7,7,6	945	Lebbæus	559(2), C.H.
		Evelyn*	499, B.*

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,,	816	Bread of Heaven	318, A.M.
,,	829	Wells	176, B.
,,	891	Ratisbon	7, A.M.
,,	913	Ashburton	503, B.
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,,	886	Maidstone	240, A.M.
7's (12 lines)	906	Resurrexit	Y.P.M. (Dec. 1912)
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8,3,3,6,8,3,3,6	908	Hulme	197, B.
8,3,8,3	942	Stratford	Y.P.M. (Oct. 1914)
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,,	799	Linton	526, B.
8,6,8,6,4,4,8,8	804	Resurrection	527, B.
		Baden	810, B.
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		"O Paradise!"	Y.P.M. (Apr. 1910)
8,6,8,6,7,6,8,6	904	Bethlehem Ephratah	33, C.H.
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		Spohr	191, B.
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		Love Divine	520, A.M.
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,,	857	Requiem	368(2), A.M. (819 B.)
,,	902, 912	All Saints	427, A.M.
,,	928	Dretzel	25, A.M.
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,,	790	Deerhurst	436 (2), A.M.
,,	903	Rex Gloriæ	397, A.M.
,,	948	Salvator	573, B.
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,,	958	"There are unseen bands"	Y.P.M. (Nov. 1909)
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		Luther	52, A.M.
,,	782, 929	Attolle paulum	104, A.M.
8,7,8,8,7	825	"Oh, the bitter"	631, A.M.
8,8,6:8,8,6.	765	Purleigh	195, A.M.
,,	772, 855	Ascendit	145, A.M.
,,	863	Inspruck	86, A.M.
,,	911	Pembroke	221, B.
8,8,8,2,7	856	Supplication	Y.P.M. (Aug. 1914)
8,8,8,4	832, 927	St. Gabriel	19, A.M.
,,	835	Almsgiving	365, A.M.
,,	846	Riseholme	275, A.M.
8,8,8,6	757	Derry	416, A.M.
8,8,8,8,6	773	Oberlin	232, B.
,,	775	St. Margaret	207, C.H.
8,8:8,8:8,8	756, 792	Bickley	345, A.M.
,,	794	Rochester	238, B.
,,	837, 838	Magdalen	603, B. (600, A.M.)
,,	893	Credo	174, A.M.
,,	894	St. Matthias	348 A.M. (608, B.)
D.L.M	760	Peterborough	13, C.H.
		Sunset	613, B.
9,4,4,9,6,9,9,9,6	778	"Jesus, I come!"	487, Sankey

METRE.	NO. OF HYMN.	NAME OF TUNE.	NO. IN TUNE-BOOK.
9,6,9,6,9,6,9,6 .	890	Melton Mowbray	530, A.M.
9,8,8,9	939	Dominus vobiscum	504, C.H.
9,8,9,8	926	St. Clement . .	477, A.M.
9,8,9,8(anapæstic)	935	Kemsing . . .	496, C.H.
10,4,10,4,10,4 .	826	Perfect Rest . .	864, B.
10,4,10,4,10,10 .	766, 784 . .	Lumen Vitæ . .	300, C.H.
,, . .	966	Sandon . . .	618, B.
10,6,10,6 (with Refrain)	947	"The Hem of His Garment"	293, Sankey
10,8,8,8:8,8 . .	949	"In our Father's House" . .	Y.P.M. (Feb. 1913) (July 1914)
10,10	899	Pax Tecum . .	537, A.M.
10,10,10,4 . . .	895	St. Philip . . .	874, B.
10,10,10,10 . .	810, 860 . . .	St. Agnes . . .	877, B.
,, . . .	914	Pax Dei . . .	31, A.M.
10,10,10,10 (dactylic)	964	Trisagion . . .	423, A.M.
10,10,10,10,6 . .	800	Holderness . .	880, B.
		St. Augustine. .	881, B.
10, 10, 10, 10 : 8,8, 10,10 (dactylic)	767	Cantate Domino.	Y.P.M. (Mar. 1914)
10,10,10,10,10,10	793	Meerestille . .	884, B.
,,	822	Unde et memores.	322, A.M.
11,8,11,8 (anapæstic)	953*	"Thou God of the Children"	Y.P.M. (Jan. 1913) (June 1914)
11,8,11,9 (anapæstic)	943		
11,10,11,10 . .	815	Life and Love .	578, A.M.
,, . .	821, 849 . .	Strength and Stay	12, A.M.
,, . .	880	Commendatio .	121, A.M.
,, . .	917, 919, 934 .	St. Barnabas . .	413, A.M.
11,10,11,10 (dactylic)	932	Springfield. . .	598, A.M. (253, B.)
11,10,11,10,10,10	798	"Thou knowest, Lord"	896, B.
11,10,11,10,11,10 11,10 (dactylic)	944	True-hearted . .	257, C.H.
11,11,11,5 . . .	921	Horeb	635, B.
12,11,12,11 (anapæstic)	920	St. Asaph . . .	639, B.
Irregular . . .	755	Tours*	772, B.*
		St. Ninian* . .	480, B.*
,, . . .	897	Crossing the Bar.	314, C.H.
, . . .	907	In the Field . .	529, C.H.